

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
VIRTUE.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

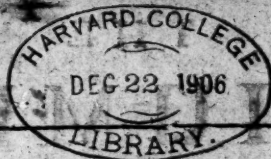
As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL;
BY

His Majesty's Servants.

L O N D O N: Printed for *Abel Roper*, at the *Black-Ray*
in *Fleet-street*; and *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in
St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1697.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Plays lately Printed, The Anatomist, or Sham-Doctor; by *Mr. Ravenscroft*: With the Loves of *Mars and Venus*; by *Mr. Mortoux*. Unnatural Brother, a Tragedy; by *Mr. Filmer*. Rover, or the Banish'd Cavaliers; and the Younger Brother, or Amorous Jilt, both by *Mrs. Behn*. The Spanish Wives, a Farce; by *Mrs. Pix*. Old Batchelour, by *Mr. Congreve*. Debauchee, or Credulous Cuckold; with a Prologue and Epilogue, by my Lord *Rochester*. All printed for *R. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. Where you may be furnished with most Plays.



The gift of
Ernest Blumey Lane

Actors Names.

The Duke of Polycastro, Viceroy of Naples,	Mr. Williams.
Lorenzo, his Brother,	Mr. Lee.
Perollo, in Love with Bellamira,	Mr. Harland.
Antonio, her Brother,	Mr. Gibber.
Guérello	Mr. Rogers.
& } Two Court-Lords,	
Rinaldo	Mr. Mills.
Fidelio, Servant to the Viceroy,	Mr. Disney.
Montano, Father to Isidora,	Mr. Simpson.
Gusman	Mr. Pinkethman.
& } Two Debauchees, and Companions of Antonio.	
Luperco	Mr. Bullock.
Massetto, a Servant to Bellamira,	Mr. Dogget.
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The Dutchess,	Mrs. Finch.
Bellamira,	Mrs. Rogers.
Isidora,	Mrs. Cross.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Allison.

Virtue, and Virtues Triumphs in a Play,
Old musty Morals at this time of Day?
These out-of-Fashion sober preaching Tales;
Might pass i'th' Reign of Ruffi, and Fardingales;
But in this sprightlier Age (Virtue? dull As!)
This Age of little Money, and less Grace,
I durst to swear, the Dawber has not hit
One Feature, drawn one Face in this whole Pit.
Plays should be all Town-Scenes, not worth one Farthing
But when they're the true Draughts of Covent-Garden.
When a Lord Foppington adorns the Stage,
Ay, there's the cluster'd Growth of the whole Age.
There, at full length, full likeness ye appear,
Sir Godfrey's Pencil never came so near:
But now I talk of Painting, oh the Sight,
Not of Green Girls, but manly Red and White.
Our Ladies Dressing-Box to yours must bow:
Oh Sirs, 'tis you who spread the Toylet now.
You, in whole Walls of Looking-glass can see,
Your lovely dear lov'd Selves, all Capapee,
From powder'd Foretop, down to Rowle at Knee.
While we with half-cur'd Brows, neglected Graces,
Are forc'd to prink our Locks in Pocket-glasses.
When I name Beau, what greater can I say?
He's a Machine, a Scene, nay a whole Play;
For Wit, a Farce; for Show, an Opera.
Oh! 's a sweet Picture, take it all together,
A whole Wigg, and half Face; less Bird, than Feather.
A Sheet of Crevat twist'd to a Cord;
An Ell of Sword-knot, and half Yard of Sword.
Then the gilt Box, full Trencher-broad, contains
A Pound of Snuff, to clear an Ounce of Brains.
How warm's the Region where such Beams display?
You sparkle, and you shine all glittering Gay.
But whilst yon flash so bright, & encrease the Wonder,
You're all the Sons of Lightning, but no Thunder.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Rogers.

IF this Play hopes a Beam of Grace to meet,
It must kneel only at the Ladies Feet :
From those kind Stars it has some small pretence
T'a smiling Aspect, for 'twas borrow'd thence.
Triumphant Virtue, while that Name inspires,
Our Muse from those fair Heavens stole her chaste Fires.
Then let this Play as your own Mirror pass,
You bring the Beauties, and we hold the Glass.
Pray let it live, and from that gracious Beam,
Encourag'd Vertue shall be still our Theam :
The Muses, with their whole Poetick Rage,
Shall lash the Shame of a degenerate Age :
You shall reform the World, and wee'll reform the Stage.
But Ladies, now not for the Play alone,
I have a small Petition of my own :
Who writes the Play, or what its Fate may be,
No matter who's the Root, or what the Tree,
The little Fruit it bears is given to me.
Then let all killing Frowns this Night forbear :
They will not wound the Poet, but the Player.
If I from those fair Eyes a Smile may find,
If possible to deserve a Grace so kind ;
I'll pay this dutious Gratitude ; I'll do
That which the Play has done ; I'll copy You.
At your own Vertues Shrine my Vows I'll pay :
Study to live the Character I play :
So high I prize the Favour of the Fair,
That all my whole Ambition's bounded there.

THE

THE Triumphs of Virtue.

A C T. I. S C E N E I.

Enter Antonio in an ordinary Habit, with Fidelio.

Ant. **D** Espis'd, and desperate ; I tell thee, old Gentleman,
This is Barbarian Dialect : The Christian,
Who warms his Stomach, feeds high and drinks nobly,
Defies this Heathenish Language ; 'tis Prophaneness.

Fid. Sir, you are lost to Reason ; your sunk Fortunes
Have, like a Lethargy, lockt up every sense
Of pity on your self, in perfect dulness.

Ant. Thou talkst, old Shaver, like a Man of Counsel,
And it becomes thy Beard ; but who regards it ?
Wise Sentences are out of fashion, *Fidelio*,
My *quondam* thrifty Livery ; I'm very deaf
To Proverbs, hang up all Proverbs.

Fid. By your leave then,
Sir, I will speak, and you shall hear me : *Ant.* Shall ?
Fid. Shall ? I will hollow t'ee a Truth, shall wake
The drowfiness of your Soul.

Ant. Thou wilt ?

Fid. I must.

Ant. Who's desperate now ? Thou hast a Throat.

Fid. I fear not the cutting on't.

Ant. Go too then, tell your Tale out.

Fid. You are undone for ever.

Ant. Pish, is that all ?

Fid. In less than three Years since your Father dy'd,
(My most worthy Master) among Whores, Cheats, and Panders,
Y'ave wasted such a full, and free Estate,
As might have rankt you with the noblest Persons
This Kingdom owns for great.

Ant. Why who can help it ?

Fid. *Marco di Nido*,

Left

Left to his Heir *Antonio*, this *Antonio*,
Your landless Seigniorship, Eight thousand Ducats
Of yearly Income; stately Houses, Mannors
Without Incumbrance; and in ready Coin
Ten thousand Ducats, besides Plate and Jewels.

Ant. The Goods of Fortune being transitory,
Must pass from Man to Man; 'tis true Philosophy:
But for the Goods both of the Mind and Body,
They're lasting, and I keep 'em still, grave *Fidelio*;
Whate're thou prat'st: Help me to a Chapman for 'em,
And they shall off too.

Fid. Scarce have two Years
Been added to your youthful Age, but you
Have play'd the Bankrupt of all.

Ant. All but my Vertues.

Fid. In which time, let me touch you home now, had you
But wasted what was yours, you had been miserable
Perhaps with some small pity; but to heighten
The Story of your Wickedness, your Sisters,
Your virtuous Sisters Portion is betray'd
By your most curst Riots, to such a want,
As scarce allows her Bread; Twelve thousand Ducats,
Bequeath'd her by her Father, you have bury'd
In Whoring, and in Drinking.

Ant. Simple Fellow

Talk to the purpose: Have I spent her Youth,
Her Beauty, Qualities, or Graces? Prithee
Are they not still her own? Let her make use of 'em.
She has abundance, *Fidelio*; Portions
Are for the Old, and Ugly, my grave Sophister.

Fid. Hell has possess'd you; else could you remember
With what a virtuous Glory she supported
The Honour of her Birth? Cou'd you remember
Her chaste Humility, without neglect
Of what she was, or whence descended? Lastly,
Cou'd you remember how more than a Sister
In Nature ought, almost to Superstition,
She bent her dear Respects to you? Your Pennance
For ruining this Temple of Perfection,
You could not but acknowledge in your Conscience
Deserv'd no other Confessor than Heaven,
Which must injoin a strange one.

Ant. Still thou'rt out, Man:
Thou dream'st of worldly Happiness call'd Plenty,

Which

Which is indeed a Monster, as all they are
 Who do enjoy it ; had'st thou been a Scholar
 Thou would'st have preach't the blessedness of Poverty ;
 Put me in Mind how that the Muses, Nine of 'em I think,
 Had not one House among 'em all to dwell in ;
 The Graces they are naked : Show me a Wit
 That ever purchas'd Land ? I can show thee
 Books full of such as have sold all was left 'em,
 And then turn'd Wits indeed ; and one of these
 Will I be chronic'd.

Fid. Heav'ns ! was there ever
 Apostacy from Reason, Sense, and Honesty,
 That cou'd have equal'd this !

Ant. As for my Sister
 She has not lost that which she never had ;
 For I have eas'd her of such earthly Vanities,
 As having, might have kept her from a Nunnery ;
 Which is a Heavenly Life for a fair Virgin.
 Yet there be jolly Fryars, young and lusty too :
 But that's as Nature shall direct. Now Talker,
 Am not I Grave and Wise, whate're thou pratest ?

Fid. Oh dear Sir, run not from that part of Man,
 Reason, which makes him differ from a Beast.
 I know your Heart bleeds, tho' your Tongue may range
 In wild Distractions : If not for your own sake,
 Yet for your Sister *Bellamira's* Ruins :
 Alas, Sir, look upon her as she is ;
 Consider how she lives, and with a Patience
 More, almost more than humane, in her Lowness ;
 Makes use of both her Pencil, and her Lute,
 To purchase Bread and Sleep ; and is content
 To be their Servant, who wou'd heretofore
 Have thought it Honour to be fam'd her Equals.

Ant. Why let her take good Courtes, and live beggarly,
 Be honest, and be poor ; 'tis the Fate of Honesty.
 Come, I am Friends with thee ; how does thy Lord,
 Thy noble Lord the Duke, and his great Dutchess ?
 But that's not to the Point ; I know thou lov'st me.

Fid. Too well, ungracious Boy.

Ant. Pish, do not blubber ; we are Friends ; my Sister
 Is a good Soul : Hast any Mony ? Prithce
 Lend me five Ducats ; by this Hand to Morrow,
 Or two or three Days hence at farthest, trust me,
 I'll pay it back again with Interest ; Interest,

Observe

Observe me, I say Interest: If I do not,
I will invite thee to a Dinner, old Boy,
Shall make thy Heart and Head light,
Where thou shalt meet such Company.

Ant. Would all what I could beg for
Were in your Hand, so you were more your self :
Sir, here's the little Sum you please to ask ;
And good Sir, let not every Word I spoke
Be utterly forgotten.

Enter Gusman and Luperco.

Ant. I commend thy Zeal,
'Tis perfect: Gallants, I am for you.
You come in a good Hour, here's gliftring Metal ;
'Twill twang and set us right Boys.

Gus. We have lighted upon a Merchants Factor ;

Lup. He is to meet us instantly, and is mad, Sir,
To be undone.

Ant. And we will be as mad, Sirs,
Until he be undone. Ha ! Fortune smiles
On Spirits that delight to be in Action.
Damn Dulness into Earth ; he who can reign
Over his Ruins, is indeed a Monarch.

Fid. A Word Sir, I beseech you.
For I am full of Business of Importance,
Serious, and weighty.

Ant. Briefly, briefly ;

Fid. Are these Companions
Fit for your Father's Son ? Vagabonds, Bullies,
The Bane and Plague of Honour ?

Ant. I dare warrant,
Thy Suit is granted : My worthy Friends,
This sometime Follower of mine, does covet
To kiss your Hands.

Gus. 'Tis but a fit Respect ; for my part I will grace him.

Lup. We have known
This honest Fellow long, and will admit him
Into our Favour. But he has a Tongue
Wild and unruly ; learn to order that Friend,
And thou shalt find us Men.

Fid. Of such an Impudence,
Contempt and Baseness, as makes Manhood blush,
To own you of that Sex.

Enter

(9)
Enter Montano.

Ant. My Enemy in presence? Troop, troop on Sirs:
Idare not stand th' Encounter: Fare thee well,
Old *Fidelo*; and when thou want'st a little Sum,
Call on me at my Lodgings. [Exit with Gullman and Lupoce.

Mont. It was *Antonio* shunn'd me; lais poor Gentleman,
He runs his old Race still.

Fid. I do not blame him,
To hide his Head from one who is possit
Of all what once was his: Your Glories, Brother,
Are rais'd in goodly Prospect on his fall.
His Lands, his Mansion-houses are, by Purchase,
Settled upon your Heir; and I take comfort
That there appears such noble Vertue in him,
As to avoid the sight of you, whose Thrift
Has bought him out of all. Yet with your leave
You met cheap Pennyworths.

Mont. I thank you for 'em,
For 'twas by your procurement.

Fid. Do not scorn him;
Lost tho' he is, Heaven yet may work his Soul
To a more gracious Sense of his Unhappiness,
Then show your self a Friend.

Mont. As he deserves it:
Let him his dissolute lead Life reclaim,
I can crown Virtue, but must punish Shame. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Perollo and Bellamira.

Perol. No, I must sigh for the soft Bliss no more;
I have born all the Pains of Love too long,
And now must taste the Joys.

Bell. But, my *Perollo*,
What will the World say of you, when you stoop
So low as *Bellamira*!

Perol. If the World
Has Eyes, or Sense, or Soul, what can it say
But that I'm Lord of those divinest Charms,
That envying Kings might sigh for.

Bell. But your Friends, Your

Your honourable Friends, how will they chide you,
When such illustrious Fortunes as *Perollo's*,
Shall wed the poor and wretched *Bellamira*.

Perol. Poor! do not name that Word: With all that Beauty,
And all thy fairer Vertues, thou hast all
Wealth, Honours; bring't that ample Dow'r along with thee,
As might enrich a Throne.

Bell. Still you are too generous,
And only flatter Misery. Alas, Sir,
Beauty and Vertue are not Dow'rs alone.
Beauty and Vertue lodg'd in the proud Walls
Of fair Prosperity, and smiling Greatness,
From their warm Roofs you ought to choose a Bride:
Not from the bleak cold Cells of humble Poverty.

Perol. Poverty! Can you want Riches! Riches!

No, my *Bellamira*,
Thou shin'st above 'em. Painted Plumes are Toys for
Peacocks: The nobler Phoenix does not want 'em.

Bell. I must confess, had not my unkind Brother,
That wild Exhauster of my fair Inheritance,
Stript me to all my naked Wants and Miseries,
Then we had met on nobler Terms, with all
The mutual Smiles of Life. No conscious Shame,
Nor glowing Tincture then had warm'd my Cheeks,
Except a Virgin Blush: And then methinks
I could have slept your happy Bride, without
One sighing Plaint, but the kind Turtles Murmur.
But now——

Perol. No more, thou loveliest of thy lovely Sex;
Thy Shipwrackt Fortune, and thy Families Ruin,
Weigh not one Grain in thy Diviner Ballance.
Shines the Star less because the Child of Night!

Bell. What tho' your own fond Love fees my poor Merits,
With this kind favouring Look: Your Bridal Guests,
All your whole Nuptial Witnesses, will set me
At that low Price, and that unequal Distance——

Perol. Hold thou unkindest,
Pursue this harsh, ungrateful Theam no more.
Name not Distinctions, Distance, Inequality;
If any, the Advantage lies on thy side.
Thou bring'st me that inestimable Jem,
Which I can only poorly set in Gold.

Bell. Nay, then I'll quarrel my low Fate no more.
Whilst thou my kind *Perollo*, all Humility,

Descend'st

Descend't into thy *Bellamira's* Arms ;
 She, all Ambition, shall aspire to thine ;
 We'll know no State, Names, Titles, — none but Love.
 Oh I cou'd wander o're the World a Beggar ;
 Or fill a Throne with Thee, all with one Pride,
 And the same equal Pleasure.
 In Love, like Heav'n, the Monarch and the Slave
 Wear the same Wreath of Bliss. But, my *Perolla*,
 Can you love ever thus !

Perol. Oh never doubt it ;
 A whole long Life at *Bellamira's* Feet,
 Bends but too poor a Knee. To Morrow Sun
 At the High Altar, our seal'd Faiths shall join.
 By all the Burnings of impatient Love,
 I'll sleep but one more widow'd Night without thee.
 But now to make our Nuptial Preparation,
 I must take leave for some short Hours : Short hours !
 For some long Minutes from these Arms must part,
 To fix my Garland, where I have seal'd my Heart. [*Exeunt feverently.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Gurello and Rinaldo.

Gur. My Lord, most admirable News. The Viceroy,
 Commission'd by the King's Command, t' assist
 In Person, at the general Assembly
 Of the *Italian* Princes, now at *Capua*,
 In a grand Counsel 'gainst the Common Foe,
 The proud insulting Turk ; who has he chose
 To fill his empty Seat, during his Absence,
 But the most noble Duke of *Polycastro*,
 Our worthy Friend and Patron.

Rin. Ay, my Lord,
 Great *Polycastro*, now reigns Lord of *Naples* :
 From whose advancing Glories, we may now
 Hope one Court-Beam will smile on our Ambition.
 But see the Duke.

Enter Duke Polycastro.

Pol. Oh, my best Friends,
 Dearest *Gurello*, dear *Rinaldo*, Fortune
 Has pour'd her Wealth before me : And I have now

A Business for your Conduct.

Gur. Ours, my Lord!

Rin. You do us too much Honour.

Pol. Oh I have seen that Face; such glorious Beauty;
 Darling of Nature, and beloved of Heaven:
 Fairer than even Idolatry can fancy,
 Or Adoration paint. Now if your kind
 Assisting Help; and the new dazzling Lustre
 Of my exalted Glory can prevail,
 To cast that Angel Fair into my Arms,
 I have all the World can give.

Gur. Who is this Beauty?

Pol. The lovely *Bellamira*.

Rin. *Bellamira*!

Ay, my good Lord, ne're doubt a Conquest there:
 With her poor ragged Fate, and shattered Fortune,
 An easy Storm will shake those naked Walls.

Gur. When she shall see your Pomp, and know her Lover;
 The Duke of *Polycastro*, chief of *Naples*;
 She will admire the Bounties of her Fate,
 And bless the happy Influence of her Charms.

Pol. You shall go to her first.

Prepare her for my coming; when prepar'd
 I will appear like *Phæbus* on his Throne:
 As *Jove* to *Semele*, descend in Majesty.
 But let us lose no Time. See my Coaches
 Got ready.

[*Exeunt some of his Servants.*]

Enter Fidelio.

Fidelio.

Fid. Sir!

Pol. See a fair Pallace instantly prepared
 With Servants, Plate, and Furniture.

Fid. I shall, Sir.

Pol. And stay——Provide me instantly the Sum
 Of——Let me think——At least Three thousand Ducats.

Fid. To Day, my Lord!

Pol. To Day, my Lord? I say do't presently.

Fid. It must be done, Sir.

Pol. It shall be done.

Fid. My Lord, it shall.

Pol. Nay, nay I know thee honest. All the time
 Thou hast been my Receiver, I have found
 Thy Accounts even, and thy Actions just.
 Some few days hence I shall have use for more.

Fid.

Fid. Your Grace has Power to command your own.

Pol. Well, well, go to some Jeweller;
And if thou meet'st with any precious Jewel
Of a great Value; shew it me; I'll buy it.

Fid. I will, my Lord. But in the name of Wonder
For what's all this Provision?

Pol. No Delay.

Be gone, and instantly perform our Pleasure. *[Exit Fido]*

Rinaldo and Gurello; stay you here

And wait my Orders. *[Exit, with Attendants.]*

Gur. Well, I have been a hungry begging Courtier
For half ten brace of Years, and never got
An honourable Post of Trust till now.

Rin. Nay, as thou say'st, we're now prefer'd to Dignity,
Authority and Grandeur stand fair towards us.

Enter Perollo.

Gur. My worthy Friend *Perollo*.

Perol. Well met, my Lords,
Faith, I was seeking you.

Rin. And you have found us,
The humble Creatures to your Pleasure.

Gur. Command your faithful Servants, worthy Sir.

Perol. Nay, no Courtship!
To be short, I want your Company.

Rin. Ours!

Perol. Ay; but where do you think! why e'ne at Church with me.
A Place, I fear, which you but seldom honour.

Gur. At Church!

Why prithee what Church-work hast thou?
Some soft Ejaculations to be offer'd

To some fair kneeling Saint?

Perol. Ejaculations! Ay, faith, and serious ones, I go to seek
A Hand and Heart for Life. For, not to make

A longer Secret of that publick Joy

I shall proclaim to Morrow, I invite you—

Rin. Your Wedding Guests.

Gur. Ay, by this Light, chaste Wedlock.

Rin. Well, honourable Lover, since you're going
To tie the *Hymen's* Knot, be kind, and honour us

With the fair Title of that beauteous Conqueror.

That Chains you hers to Morrow.

Gur.

Gur. Ay, *Perollo*, your Grace has Power to command
Your Bride, her Name, and Quality?

Perol. *Bellamira*.

Rin. Death and the Devil! *Bellamira*!

Gur. Young *Antonio*'s Sister, say you? She?

Perol. The same; that lovely fair one—

Rin. You design to Marry her,

So I suppose, you mean!

Perol. Suppose! Prithce

Why that odd Face, and that odd Question?

Gur. Nay Sir, You are a Man of Honour, and perhaps

You choose in pity there, Pure pity! Nay

The Girl is bound to bless you for this Goodness.

You do her double Grace; 'tis not Love only

But Charity, to marry *Bellamira*.

Rin. I can't but think now, how the new-made Lady

Will bear her Greatness!

Gur. Oh most admirably!

Besides, in such a ragged Choice, you'll set

Your own proud Glories at that fairer Light;

As Painters make the Shades set off the Lustre:

And thus the sparkling Diamond shines in Jet.

Rin. So a Pearl glitters in a Negro's Ear!

So the fair Stars by Night—

Perol. Yet hold—These too ill-manner'd Jest—

Gur. Why Sir, thus angry?

When your self find the Subject for those Jest.

Perol. I find 'em?

Rin. Yes, in marrying *Bellamira*.

Perol. Gods! This bold Languages—

Gur. Not so bold, as honest.

Sir, like true Friends, we must be plain, and tell ye,

This *Bellamira* is a Match beneath you.

Perol. Beneath me! 'Death! Love knows no Inequality.

Where Love binds, Hearts—

Rin. Where Lunacy binds Madmen

The Fools of Fondness, and the Slaves of Dotage.

Love, without Reason, is a Brutal Fire.

Think but how poorly your recorded Name

Will sound in Story, when the great *Perollo*,

Heir to that fair Estate, a whole Days Travel

For a tired Ravens Wing; Lord of that Wealth,

Almost enough to Wall himself in Gold;

He that might choose a Bride from Courts and Pallaces,

To glean a Wife up, drop from Rags and Servitude,
The Heiress to a Pencil and a Fiddle.

Gwr. Oh Sir, she'll make a most prodigious Stock,
To raise the Illustrious Race of the *Gravies*,
And found their Names Immortal!

Perol. Hold! oh hold!

What though the Frowns of an unequal Providence,
Thro' her Misfortunes, not her Faults, have thrown her
To a poor servile Life; still you must own
Her generous Birth and Blood——

Rin. Her Birth and Blood!

Prithee what's Birth, when Birthright's lost? Or Honour,
Debas'd and shrink to Slavery? So Streams,
From the fair perling Fountain-head, run Chrystal:
But when they have flood to stink in Dike and Puddles,
They sowl to Mud and Dirt.

Perol. Ha!

Gwr. Though your own
Descending Grace, and your un-open'd Eyes
Can poorly stoop to this ignoble Match;
There is a Duty that you owe the World,
Which Honour must not break. We are not born
Only to please our selves. How will the Tongues
And pointing Fingers of Reproach, and Scandal,
Revile this abject Thought? Come, be your self,
Shake off th' unmanly Shackles, that will sink you
Beneath a Load of Shame.

Perol. If Honour thus
Commands the World, his Sovereignty has sure
Some small Dispensing Pow'r. What tho' her Poverty
May be some little Fault? Her Beauty's all
Perfection and Divinity.

Rin. No doubt on't.

Now in your high-flown Hony-moon of Love,
You are all amorous Raptures, and can see
Nothing but Darts and Flames, and dancing *Cupid's*.
But in your cooler Days of Sense and Reason,
When the mad Lover's chang'd to sober Husband,
You'll look with other Eyes; and then, too late,
See the false Steps her wandering Fires have led you.

Gwr. Besides, for one more Matrimonial Blessing,
She'll bring you a most hopeful Kindred with her:
Her prodigal Brother, with his lewd Debauches,
His spotted Life, and all his tainted Infamies.

Rin. Ay Sir, you'll keep a hospitable Roof

To

To all his Bawds, Whores, Panders, Hosts, Ruffians;
 All that whole Pest, that brooding Nest of Locusts,
 Must roost within your Walls. He has swallow'd all
 His own gorg'd Fortunes; and his generous Sister
 Must drain the bleeding Veins of your Estate next.
 To feed his craving Riots.

Gur. Yes, *Perollo*,

You'll have a numerous Train of fair Dependants,
 A noble Crew of Blood-hounds.

Per. Oh, my Heart!

Rin. But look, *Gurello*; see, his sense of Honour
 Begins to wake. I read a generous Shame

Even in his very Eyes. Come, rowse your Soul up;

Call home your Heart from these too poor Enchantments.

Gur. But if you think you have not manly Strength enough
 To break th' inglorious Chains, whilst you stay here

Within the dangerous Circle of her Charms;

I have heard you say you'd a desire to Travel.

Pursue that noble Resolution: Visit

The World abroad: You're young; and Travel will

Adorn your Youth: 'Twill furnish you with thousand

New-added Graces, to enrich your Mind.

Rin. Come then take Horse, and leave the Town immediately:

And when at some safe distance from her Sorceries,

You shall have settled your Affairs at Home;

Go on, and visit the proud Courts of Princes;

And from the High-born Beauties of the World,

From Quality, Wealth, Honours, make that choice—

Perol. No more, no more; Oh, my good Lords, you have shook

The whole Foundation of my very Soul,

And stagger'd all my Thoughts.

Gur. Then Sir, be kind,

Kind to your self: Embrace the offer'd Blessing

Which Heaven, and our kind Friendship, sets before ye.

Rin. Come, Sir, we'll wait you: With our ablest Counsels,

Love, Duty, Service, all our tenderest Charity

For your fair Fame, to fix your great Resolves;

Lend our best Help, your Freedom to recal;

All Hands must join, to prop this sinking Fall.

Exeunt.

Perol. Oh *Bellamira*, where's thy Empire gone!

And Love, can there be Storms can shake thy Throne!

In such a Tempest my Resolves are tost,

The Torrent swells too high, and I am lost.

Exit.

A C T.

A C T. II. S C E N E I.

A Bed-Chamber, and a Spinette set forth. Isidora plays upon the Spinette, and sings.

The SONG.

*So bright young Celia's Charms, you'd swear
That the whole Blooming Spring smil'd there,
And then she drest with Airs so gay,
As even out-shin'd the very May.
But when she Danc'd, and when she Sung,
On her sweet Voice what Raptures hung?*

*Why all this Pains? why all this Cost?
'Tis but to have our Hearts well lost:
For all our Pomp, and all our Pride,
Is only to set out the Bride.
We Dress, we Plume, we Dance, we Play,
And all to give our Souls away.*

Bell. **W**ELL, my dear *Isidora*, my sweet Pupil;
Such young Perfection, like a forward Spring,
And early Fruit, must bear a double Valshe.

Isid. The early Fruit commend th'ingenious Gard'ner,
The Hand that rais'd it. 'Tis the sweet Example
Of such a skilful Mistress, that invites me
To be a chearful Student.

But now, dear Madam, pray be pleas'd to honour me
With your diviner Harmony.

Bell. Not now, my *Isidora*; I am at present
Under too great a Weight of Thought.

Isid. Not such a Weight, I hope. Pray be so kind
To bless my ravish'd Ears; for every Strain
You play, methinks, presents the trembling Strings
Like so many sad Hearts that Dance, to hear
The sweetly charming Musick of your Tongue.
And then, think I, if senseless Things can sing,
Moved only by a Kiss from your fair Hand;

C

What.

What strange Divinity inspires their Souls,
Whose Senses are awaken'd by your Voice.
And then I wish to hear you ever Talk,
That I might always listen.

Bell. Fie, my Sweet One,
You are too courtly now : My pretty Scholar,
When you will learn to Flatter, flatter Greatness.
Pity Distress; there Flattery is Contempt.

Isid. Distress ! believe me, Madam, I am certain,
As certain as I live, that your kind Stars
Reserve a rare Advancement to your Merit ;
Else they and all their Spears are out of tune.

Bell. Alas, my *Isidora*, my Ambition
Has no such tow'ring Flight.

Isid. But, dearest Madam,
Inspired by a strange Instinct, something whispers me,
That you are born for some sublimer Fortune,
Than this too humble Spear where now you move.
At least, this I am sure, such Worth deserves
The kindest Smiles of Heaven; and I am as sure
If my best Wishes, and my tenderest Pray'rs,
Could beg those Smiles from Heav'n, you should not want 'em.

Bell. Thou kindest Sweetness — Well, my little Prophetess,
Thy Oracle speaks Truth. There is indeed
A fairer Fortune waits me. And to make thee
The lovely Confident of all my Happiness,
To Morrow I invite thee to my Wedding.

Isid. Say that dear Word again.

Bell. My Wedding !

Isid. To what too happy Man ! (For all those Charms
Must give uncommon Blessings.)

Bell. To *Perollo*.

Isid. That gallant noble Youth, the Pride of *Naples* ?
Nay then all Wealth and Honour circle round you.
And now, now I shall see my dearest Mistress
Deckt and adorned, like her dear lovely Self ;
Fair as her Eyes, and shining as her Virtues.

Enter a Messenger, with a Letter.

Bell. A Letter, Friend ! From whom ?

Mess. *Perollo*, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Bell. A Letter, and from him !

Isid. Ha ! what amazing Cloud
All of a sudden shrouds that beauteous Face !

Bella.

Bellamira reads.

M A D A M,

Believe me, 'tis with the most conscious Shame, and with a thousand burning Blushes, that I set Pen to Paper; when, under an Obligation of some Years Travel into France, I am forced to tell you, I am snatch'd from Bellamira's Arms; and have only this way of sending you a parting Farewel from

PEROLLO.

Bell. Oh, I am lost!

[Sinks into a Chair.]

Isid. She sinks, she faints! Dear Madam
Look up, and tell me what surprizing Griefs
Have stream'd these trickling Fountains down your Cheeks,
And wash'd out all the smiling Roses there!

Bell. Oh *Isidora*, for thy Mistress's sake,
Ne're trust the Oaths of Man. This very Morning
Sworn to my Arms, our Nuptial Day to Morrow,
A thousand thousand Vows, the strongest Oaths
That e're betray'd a credulous Virgin's Heart,
Has false *Perollo* broke.

Isid. Sure 'tis impossible.

Bell. Oh 'tis too true; true, as that he's all Falshood.

Isid. From what amazing Cause can all this strange
And barbarous Infidelity proceed!

Bell. The Cause is but too plain. Some foul-tongued Whispersers,
No doubt, have set my poor unhappy Circumstances,
The humble Object of his little Thoughts;
And with those hideous Tales of my lost Fortunes
Poyson'd his Faith; till his disdain'd Pride
Has shook me from his Soul, and sent him forth
A Rover of the World, only to fly
From the despis'd poor wretched *Bellamira*.

Isid. Is this the Cause? Can such a weak pretence
Break the long Bonds of two united Souls?
Are Men such Infidels?

Bell. Such Infidels are Men.

But can *Perollo* be thus false! A Breast
Warm'd with thy Fires, at one chill Winters Blast
Froze to this Rock of Ice! But one, one short
Half Hour ago, I should have thought this Change
So much impossible, that had I askt
A Miracle from Heaven, *Perollo's* Falshood
Had been their greatest Prodigy — What weeps
My gentle *Isidora*?

C

Isid.

Isid. A poor Tribute, to my dear Mistress Wrongs.

Bell. Retire, my Sweetest ;
I would not have th' infection of my Sorrows,
Afflict those pretty Eyes.

Isid. Nay, do not envy me
The Justice of a Tear, in such a Cause
As would melt Flint and Marble.

Bell. Prithce leave me ; I want to be alone.

Isid. If you command it,
Then I am gone——Oh, my lov'd Mistress, if
All Hearts that e're paid Homage to those Eyes,
Had but half my Obedience, your *Perollo*
Had then been never lost.

[*Exit.*]

Bell. The tender Friendship,
And the wet Eyes of this young melting Innocence,
Has toucht my Soul so near——'Tis well kind Nature
Gave us two Eyes to weep. For oh, I want
A double Fountain now——Such Friendship——Oh
That Love had half that Truth ! Then, false *Perollo*——
But can that dear protesting Man be false !
Then 'tis high time that the base World should end.
Degenerate Nature has but lived too long,
And wants the last consuming Funeral Fires,
To purge the Universal Shame.

Enter Gurello and Rinaldo.

Ha ! who are these ?

Gur. Nay, start not Lady at our bold Intrusion.
The Door of Beauty, like the Gate of Temples,
Should stand unbarr'd, to admit their kneeling Homagers.

Bell. Indeed such honourable Visitants,
To grace these humble Walls, may well surprize.
What wou'd your noble Lordships ?

Rin. Fairest, we come to wait upon your Triumphs.

Bell. Triumphs !

Gur. Humbly to prostrate at your Feet,
Our bended Knees and suppliant Devotions,
As to the holiest Shrine of Youth and Sweetness.

Bell. There needs not all this Courtly Prologue. Please you
To shorten your Commands, and
Let me know your Pleasure.

Rin. Glory of thy lovely Sex !
We were sent hither from the Great *Francisco*
Caraffa, Duke of *Polycastro*.

Bell. Ha !

Gur.

Gen. By us, th' unworthy Messengers, he greets
Those beauteous Eyes with Health, Peace, Happiness,
And all the Joys of Life.

Rev. There is a Power above us
That links or lifts us up. Divinest Maid,
Contemn not thy rich Fate, but estimate it
As sick Men do their Rest.

Gen. As Dearth does Plenty.

Bell. By my fair Name, rank Bawds!

Gen. Thou soveraign Mistress
Of all the conquering Charms, that Captive Thrones,
Embrace the Courting Honours that invite
Thy fair accepting Hand.

Bell. Great Polycastro!

Ha! I have a Thought! And such a Thought! (If Providence
But smiles to bring the fair *Minerva* forth!)
Shall build me up a Monument of Glory
Upon a Pile of Shame! Now prodigal
Antonio! and more prodigal *Perollo*!

[*Aside.*]

Enter Polycastro.

Pol. Fair Treasure of my Life; Nature's Perfection.

Bell. Alas, great Sir, if these black Harbingers,
Sent here before ye with their sooty Message,
Have told me Truth, told the true fatal Cause,
That brings such Greatness to this lowly Roof;
How poor a Victory will you atchieve,
If you should boast the Spoil of a lost Maid,
Wealthy in nothing but contented Poverty,
And barren Virtue? Believe me, Princely Lord,
I eat the Bread of humbly Industry
With Peace about me. My Sleep is uneompell'd.
I shall repute their Change to Ease and Fulness,
A Misery more than I yet have tasted.
And if 'tis possible, I should be tempted
To fall from Innocence; Time will record it:
The Martyrdom of *Bellamira*'s Honour.

Pol. I design all nobly.
Be merciful then to thy Beauty, Youth,
And to his Resolution, who contrives
No Business in this Life, but thy sole Happiness.
Come *Bellamira*, take Possession freely
Of an Inheritance which is thy own,
My self, with these the Servants to thy Pleasure.

Bell.

Bell. Affliction, like a Feavor, brings a Train
Of more Affliction; as does that of Pain.
Death is not here the worst :

Our Faults must live.

Pray Sir, be gentle to me; to what Prison
Must I be now confin'd, to earn the Salary
Of Blushes, Sin, and Death?

Pol. Thy Fears are needless,
Thou shalt command thy own Home; be a Queen
In thy own Pallace, Regent o're thy self:
Make way and follow all as quick as Thought.
Let sullen Envy pine and dwell alone,
Whilst Love leads perfect Beauty to her Throne.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Montano and Ifidora.

Mont. Well, Daughter, you have made a sad Relation
Of the unhappy *Bellamira's* Sufferings,
From the too false *Perollo*.

Ifid. Yes, so false,
That my poor Innocence trembles but to tell
The Story of that beauteous Mourner's Wrongs.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Oh Brother, I've that fatal News to tell thee——
But give me Air and Breathing-room. For Courts
Are all Contagion; a distemper'd Taint
And sultry Dog-star Heat, runs through the whole
Infected Region; Lust, all burning Lust——
Oh Sir, the Duke——

Mont. Ha! what of him.

Fid. Is slain from Virtue. A lascivious Flame
All rages in his Blood. — But what's a yet
More killing part of my sad Tale of Horror;
Who's the fair Victim t' his Adulterous Fires,
But the lost *Bellamira*?

Ifid. *Bellamira*!

Fid. That last Remains of her whole ruin'd Family,
Sunk in the common Wrack, swept off and drown'd.

Ifid. My lovely Mistress!

Fid. Lovely, Child! That Name
She has now for ever lost.

Ifid.

Isid. That falling Star
Set in so dark a Night ! Poor *Bellamira* !

Fid. Nay, and what stabs yet deeper ; who, but I,
Am chosen out the Pander to her Shame !
Who must provide the State, the Pomp, the Pallaces,
T' entertain his new-made *Chaperon*,
But poor *Fidelio* ?

Mont. That indeed 's too cruel.

Fid. By all my hopes of Good, he lays Commands
On me ; on me, *Montano*, to attend
His Mistress, as he styles her, with a Duty
As serious, as if she were the Dutcheis
His lawful Wife. Oh Misery of Greatness !
And she a poor lost Soul, I fear, 's undone.
Oh Brother, Brother, that fair Rose is canker'd,
And all her Sweets are tainted into Poyson.

Isid. Oh Uncle, is my Mistress thus deform'd !

Fid. A Monster, Neice, a Monster. Thou art young,
Young, *Isidora*, of untainted Sweetness :
I speak it in thy Father's Presence. Hear me,
Keep thy fair Name unblemish'd ; do not fully
The sweet Lawn of thy Youth with Dirt of Scandal.
For if thou should'st, I swear, to all Eternity,
To save thy Virgin Honour, I would make
Thy Father Childless.

Isid. Sir, be as resolute
As the performance of your Protestation ;
When from the Duty of my Birth I fall.

Fid. Brother, I come to you for a rich Jewel,
Which, as you told me, you redeem'd for the
Young Princess of *Salerna*, from a Jew.

Mont. The Price is great.

Fid. How much ?

Mont. Two thousand Ducats. It cost me near as much.

Enter Messenger, with a Letter to Isidora.

Fid. I will return it,
Or pay the Money. We are all in Royalty ;
Scorn petty Sums. *Montano*, I must have it.
Be honest *Isidora*, honest my Neice,
Such Toys as these will else work strange Temptations.

Mont. Daughter, What have you there ?

Isid. A Letter, Sir,
From *Bellamira* ! She desires a Visit from me.

Mont.

Mont. From Thee!

Isid. And with that Earnestness she begs it,
Not as a Favour, but a courted Blessing.

Mont. Thou visit her! Thy spotless Virtue enter
In those unhallow'd Walls? Death! does she glory
In her triumphant Guilt, to want Spectators?
Or is she grown so rank in Wickedness,
As to set up a Shop and Mart for Sin?
Till, like the Malice of a spotted Plague, she wants
To breathe her Poyson to infected Innocence;
And sends for thee to sacrifice thy Honour,
As she has done her own.

Fid. Nay, hold there Brother:

Lost tho' she is, I have not so bad a Thought of her.
Tho' faln her self, she is not grown up already
In Vice and Spight, that perfect Devil, to snare
And draw in Sharers with her in Damnation,

Mont. What can this Message mean then?

Fid. Who knows but the poor Sinner
Wants a She-Confessor! (Women with Women
Can be more frank and open) *Isidora*

Has been her Friend and Confident. Perhaps
She sends for my young Neice, only t'excuse
The blushing Weakness of her Female Frailty,
And the too strong Temptations of her Ruin.

Isid. My charitable Uncle, Sir, speaks Reason.
She can't be sure a Thing so very black.

Mont. Alas, poor Innocent.

Isid. And what if I should make her
This harmless Visit?

Mont. Ha!

Isid. Just go to see her,

Only to hear what the poor Wretch can say.

Mont. What's this I hear?

Isid. I mean no harm. Indeed Sir,
I hate a naughty Woman; and wou'd go
Only to chide her for her Faults; that's all.

Mont. How *Isidora*!

Isid. Nay Sir, don't be angry.
If you would give me leave to go and see
This poor lost Creature, it would strangely please me.

Mont. And dar'st thou ask it?

Isid. As a Father's Blessing; [*Kneels.*
Upon my bended Knees I beg it of you,
Perhaps she is not yet quite faln from Virtue;

And

And I (who knows) may come in the blest Minute
To catch her in the very brink of Ruin,
Just leaping down the Precipice of Death,
And pluck her back to Life?

Fid. What says, my Sweetest?

Isid. And if she has not yet quite lost her Innocence,
I'll go and be her little Guardian-Angel;
With all the Eloquence of Truth and Reason,
Clasp round her Knees, and hang about her Neck,
And with a thousand Sighs and melting Tears,
Paint her fair Virtue in its Orient Brightness;
Till dazled with the Charms, she grows in Love
with the Seraphick Form.

Mont. But, Child, thy Honour
Will not permit a Visit to a Wanton.

Isid. Honour! What's greater Honour than to make
Converts to Innocence, and Saints to Heaven!
I go to save a Soul!

Fid. Gods! how she talks!
What Eloquence has Truth!

Isid. But if I come too late, and find her false;
Find, like a foolish *Indian*, she has barter'd
Her richest Virgin-Wealth, for Beads and Glass;
Then I will sound that 'Larum to her Soul,
Shew her her Vice in its detested Form,
And hold that frightful Mirror to her Eyes,
Till she shall start from her loath'd Tyrants Arms,
Tear off her guilty Pride, and gaudy Tresses;
A naked Penitent to a Cloyster fly;
There hide her shrouded Head in Dust, and die.

Fid. Oh Brother, Can you hear that beauteous Oracle!
Plead the fair Cause of Life, and not strait send her
Wing'd, like a posting Messenger of Health,
To pour the Balm in *Bellamira's* Wounds.

Mont. Yes, my dear Child, haste the divine Physician,
To that fair sickning Soul. And if 'tis possible
Give her Health and Life.

Isid. Yes, my dear Father,
I'll fly, the Harbinger of Peace, to those
Fair Ruins; pull down all her bloody Banners
Of Sin and Death, and hang out the White Flag
Of Innocence and Life. And, if 'tis possible,
Set her repenting Souls fair Audit even:
For, oh, I go th' Embassadors of Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

D

A C T.

A C T. III. S C E N E I.

Enter Masetto, Gaspero, and other Servants.

Maf. **C**ooks, Butler, Porter; you oth' Kitchin and the Pantry;
Look to your several Charges you had best.

Oh, 'tis a glorious Mistress that we serve.

Gasp. A rare sweet Creature——A Bed-mate for an Emperor.

Maf. And, Sirrah, is our Ladies new rich Coach got ready?

1 Serv. Ay, Sir, rigg'd and trimm'd most gorgeously.

Maf. I can't but think how gloriously she'll troll it

At the next great Parade.

If I had but half a Ducate

For every gaping Fool that pulls his Cap off

The first fair Day she takes the Air of *Naples*,

By *Jove*, I fancy it would raise me Money enough

To keep a Court-Miss too.

You, oth' Chamber,

Is the Bed of State prepar'd?

2 Serv. Yes, and shall please your Authority.

Maf. Good Boy! This honest Fellow has some Breeding.

Oh there's a Bed of Down, and such soft Pillows

To rowle her panting Bubbies on. Poor Thing,

'Twill sleep so sweetly.

Gasp. Sleep Sir! Ay as heartily as a Usurer at Church.

Maf. But now I talk of Sleeping; he that Eats well,

Drinks well; and he that Drinks well, Sleeps well;

Says the Learned Philosopher.

Then what says Master Cook? What canst thou do,

My honest Fire and Charcoal?

Cook. What can I do?

Maf. Canst thou make good stout Broths, and rich warm Jellies?

Ha, Boy!

Cook. Ay, noble Master, warm enough

To set a City-Alderman on Fire——

Maf. And save his Wife the Charges of a Courtier,

Well said, old Rump and Kidnies; here's a Lad

Fit for a Ladies Service.

But come dispatch; quick, quick, without more Fumbling,

Every one to his Place, and keep his Kew

Of Office: *Gaspero*, have an Eye toth' Plate,

See

See none oth' Spoons be missing. Let me alone
 To guard the Wine. Methinks I am full of Office.
 With all these Vermin Slaves at my Obedience.
 What a sweet Thing 'tis to be Head Commanders!
 I look as Great now——as a Colonel in Flanders.

[Exeunt.]

*The Scene draws, and discovers the Duke and Bellamira seated
 in State, attended by Gurello, Rinaldo, and Ifidora at Bel-
 lamira's right Hand.*

A Symphony of Musick performed, and a Dance.

Bell. This Musick is too dull, wants Ayr and Life.
 To Feast our Ears more nobly, let me have
 The Song, set by the fam'd Musitian
 To the great Cardinal of Alba.

The SONG.

1. What is Beauty? what is Youth?
 Without Honour, Faith, or Truth?
 What is Glory? what is Blood?
 Without Shame, or being Good?
2. Toys ensnaring, Madnes antick;
 Ride bewitching, Greatness frantick:
 'Tis Virtue only can suffice,
 To make fond Love both chaste and wise.

Chor. Hark, hark, how they Die,
 Forgotten never;
 Whose Names, like Pyramids rais'd to the Sky,
 Are constant ever.

1. Shall a Mistress fair require
 Service, humbled with Desire?
 Shall a Look, a Toy, a Smile,
 Chain a Heart, or Faith beguile?
2. No, oh no, she will be ranging,
 Who is in her Favours changing.

*Wou'd Lov's bright Sphear in Glory move?
'Tis there where Virtue shines with Love.*

*Chor. Come, come, come, you who are
Opprest by Duty;
Learn to distinguish from a falling Star,
A true fix'd Beauty.*

*The Entertainment ended ; they all rise, and advance forward
on the Stage.*

Mas. The Breath of Roses still perfume your Highness.

Gur. Now Love's bright Queen shines in her proper Orb.

Rin. All Hearts your Slaves, kneel to this Shrine of Beauty.

Bell. You look, my Lord, with a surveying Eye ;

Does my new Grandeur please ye ?

Pol. Please me, Madam !

*Translated Martyrs gaze not on the Glories
Of their first Throne in Heaven, with scarce a more
Transported Admiration.*

Bell. Isidora,

I fear thy Entertainment does not please thee.

Trust me, my lovely Guest, on thy cold Brow

There sits a strange Amazement ; wonder still,

For I shall give thee more amazing Wonders.

*Isid. Give me more pleasing Wonders too : For all
This gilded Pageantry of Sin and Shame,
Gives Isidora but a poor Diversion.*

*Bell. Now, Sir, in all this Glory, 'tis but fit
We talk of glorious Subjects. What's your Grace's
Opinion of the famous Grecian Charmer,
That caught the Youth of Troy ?*

*Pol. I think (if Fame
Records the faithful Story of her Charms)
She was the Mirror of the World, and worth,
In the Defence of such a beauteous Prize,
The ten Years War she cost.*

*Bell. And all the Fires
Of the whole burning Troy ; their last proud Triumph ;
May I not add that too ?*

*Pol. Yes, worth those Fires.
Who wou'd not sacrifice a burning Troy,
In the Great Cause of Love ?*

Isid.

Isid. Where will this end !

Pol. But whilst the happy Youth of *Troy*, possess
That high-priz'd Beauty ; the happy *Polycastro*,
In *Bellamira*'s Eyes, has here before him
A fairer Copy from that great Original.

Bell. Nay, now you make me blush.

Isid. Guard me, sweet Heav'n !

Is this a Language for a Virgin's Ear !

Bell. My Lord, I am but a very poor Historian ;
Yet I have read of the fair *Cleopatra* :
She sacrific'd more than a burning *Troy* ;
I think she lost a Kingdom. And yet, my Lord,
That very *Cleopatra*, though the Sovereign
Of *Antony*'s great Heart ; though little less
Then Mistress of the World, tho' born to Crowns,
Rich with Imperial Veins ; tho' circled round,
Like *Bellamira* in her Walls of Gold,
Yet a poor Worm stung that proud Beauty dead,
A little crawling Insect kill'd an Empress.

Pol. Ha !

Bell. The small Remains of all that mighty Greatness,
That fairest Flower of *Egypt*, by a Blast
From one rough Storm, like a falln Autumn Leaf
Blown from its Pride, trod down in trampled Dust
By conquering *Cesar*'s Scorn.

Isid. Oh, my dear Mistress !

There's Musick in this Sound.

Pol. What can this mean ?

Bell. My Lord, you seem disturb'd ; I hope I have not
Done any thing that may displease your Grace :
If I have committed any unknown Fault,
In this more publick Entertainment,
I'll beg your private Conversation ;
And try to mend my Errors.

Isid. Now my Fears !

Bell. Withdraw : My Lord and I would be alone.

[*Exeunt all but Duke, Bellamira and Isidora.*]

Nay, *Isidora*, I except thee. Thou
My little Confident must stay. I dare
Unlock the inmost Secrets of my Soul,
To such a Cabinet-Treasurer.

Pol. Now, my Fairest,
Let the impatient Longings of my Soul,
My Heart's each beating Pulse tell thee, That Time

Moves.

Moves on the Wings of Sloth, with lazy Flight,
Life of my Life, till we have interchanged
The blest Delights of Lovers.

Bell. Hold, my Lord,
Before I yield Possession ; she that parts
With a fair Jewel, should first know the Worth
Of him that is to wear it. Shew me first
The Faith and Truth of your own boasted Love :
Convince me, that your violent Protestations
Are that true shining Ore can touch for Gold ;
Else I shall be but cheated with faint Warmth,
Not bright and lasting Fires.

Pol. As well thou might'st
Question the Suns Light, or the Truth of Death,
As the unfeign'd Devotions of my Soul.

Bell. I must have Proofs, and rare ones. For consider,
I do forgo my Honour, Name, Youth, Friends ;
Forget my Birth, and prostitute my Freedom
For a few Months of Plenty. Then, at last,
When Age has snow'd Scorn on my Furrow'd Cheeks,
And I appear the Ghost of what I was,
The teeming Sway of your unsettled Blood,
Will fall into a Loathing of my Frailty ;
Then I must be shook off, as great Men sell
Their worn-out Coursers to the Mill or Car,
When they are hardly able to deserve
The Provinder they toil for.

Pol. What's all this !

Bell. You have distinguish'd me, I must confess,
By your Allowance in this Pomp and Dress,
From the low Hire and ordinary Custom
Of common Courtezans. But herein, Duke,
You only set an Edge to your own Appetite,
To gratifie the Riots of your Lust.
But these are Brutal Heats, th' unhallow'd Warmth
Of low and earthy Souls ; far, far beneath
The Heights that Love must reach.

Pol. Injoin me, then,
To any Satisfaction of thy Fears,
Which I can dare deny ; so much I doat
On thy Perfections, and thou reign'st so absolute,
I vow to do whatever shall content thee.

Bell. Here then, like one hemm'd in a Magick Circle,
Within whose Bounds but to approach is Death ;

I fix the Bounds, where no transgressing Step
Must ever dare to enter. Hear me, Duke,
And mark the Bars I set. Touch not my chaste Bed ;
Make not one loose Demand ; tempt me not with a Word
Of unbecoming Sense ; or on my Lips
Print but a wanton Kiss ; breathe not one Sigh
That looks like begging of an amorous Pity ;
But use your Visits as a Brother to a Sister.

Pol. This is all Cruelty.

Bell. No, 'tis all Mercy ;

Mercy to the whole Welfare of my Life,
The Guard and Shield of my unspotted Soul.

Pol. But these are those hard Articles——

Bell. Which you must grant, or send me to my Wants again.
Return me to my Innocence and Rags,
And give me my dear Poverty and Peace.
Oh, could you see the Soul of *Bellamira*,
You'd find those Walls of Adamant round my Virtue,
That thus I Swear : Before I'd be a Whore,
I'd live on Half an Ounce of Bread a Day,
And starve each Hour an Inch into a Grave.

Pol. Oh, I am lost in Wonder !

Isid. All Divine !

Bell. Nor think, Sir, that I make you these Denials
With the too common practis'd Arts of Women ;
Like Water to a Feavor, the dissembling
Of a false Coldness, only t' inflame ye
Into more raging Fires. My Tongue and Heart
Breathe but one Air, and Virtue is their Soul.

Pol. Thou hast prevail'd ; I yield the hard Conditions.
But thou, fair Charge of Heav'n, if o're thy Charms
There hangs the flaming Sword, and I am for ever
Debarr'd all Entrance to the Joys of Love ;
Yet *Bellamira*, thou wilt give me leave
To Visit thee.

Bell. More often, Sir, than your
Employment will permit. I shall wish for it,
More than my Health, or my increase of Beauty.
To see that God-like Man that has subdu'd
His wild Desires, that glorious Conqueror ;
I shall strow Flow'rs and Garlands in your Way,
And welcom you with all the Songs of Triumph ;
And when I look on you as the new Darling
Of an embracing Heav'n, a Convert to bright Virtue,

Deckt

Deckt and adorn'd with her Celestial Beams,
I shall run to you as the Shrine of Saints,
And almost meet you with a bended Knee.

Pol. Oh *Bellamira* ! thou hast intirely vanquish'd ;
My Soul, new-moulded, stamp't it with thy own
Bright Image of Divinity, chang'd all
My footy Love to sacred Adoration.
And that prophane false Tongue, that now shall dare
To wound my Name with the Reproach of Lust,
The impious Scandal I shall count a Wrong
More heinous, then to curse my Blood with Bastardy ;
Or, which is baser, Cowardice.

Bell. Enough,
Thou art a noble Lord.

Enter Fidelio.

Pol. Thou art my better Angel.

Fid. My gracious Lord——

Pol. *Fidelio* !

Fid. I have bought

The Jewel you commanded me to seek.

Pol. Here, *Bellamira*, take this worthless Toy,
A sparkling Jem in any Hand but thine :
For it will meet such dazzling Glories there,
That all that trifling Lustre will be lost.

Bell. My Lord, I must commend that honest Fellow to you,
He serv'd my Father ; knew me from a Child.
He's trusty on my Life ; I'll pass my Word for him :
His Bluntness is his Fault, but he means well :
Pray love him for my sake.

Fid. I thank your Ladyship.
I never thought to see your Grace so pompous,
Your honourable Grace.

Pol. For your sake, Fairest ;
He shall be nearer to us than he was ;
I know him trusty.

Fid. I am your Servant, Lady.
You do prefer me ; thank ye, you are bounteous.

Pol. And now with more than common Raptures blest,
My Love, all fragrant, as the Phoenix Nest ;
I'll meet those Eyes with all that chaste Delire,
And warm in Virtue, at thy Vestal Fire.

[*Exit Duke, and all but Bellamira and Isidora.*

Isid.

Isid. O let me run into your Arms, and hang
My melting Kisses on those Heavenly Lips:
Thou matchless Miracle of Truth and Virtue,
Never was Triumph, sure, that equal'd this.

Bell. Nay, *Isidora*, do not praise thy Mistress,
For this poor Merit: I have done no more
Than my whole Sexes duty, bound by all
The Sacred Laws of the fair Virgin Charter.

Isid. But I have one Wonder yet unsatisfied.
Though in the Noble Cause of Truth and Virtue,
You've play'd this Glorious Champion; yet, why all
This Golden Pomp, and all that Glittering Pride?
Though Heav'n sees your fair Truth, what will the babbling world
Talk of you? that fair Virgin Charter bind us
As well t' avoid the Scandal as the Sin.

Oh *Bellamira*, what deluding snares
Can draw you from your innocent smiling poverty,
To all this blushing Vanity!

Bell. Ay there, there's the whole secret Riddle of my life;
Which thus I must expound. Attend and listen—
You know I have a Brother lost from Virtue,
All drown'd in sin and riots. Oh the Tears
That *Bellamira's* streaming Eyes have pour'd,
My Knees and Prayers to call him back to Heav'n:
But all in vain, whilst deaf to Grace and Mercy,
He has shook me from his Arms.

Isid. The World's no stranger
To that unhappy Youth's lamented fall.

Bell. But when thus drest in this false wanton mask;
The kind *Fidelio*, sent by my Commission,
Shall hollow in his Ears a Sisters Ruin,
My hissing shame, and all my bellowing Infamy:
A Brand and scandal to his Name and Blood,
And all pull'd down by his own prodigal Guilt,
His Riots and my Wants; when he has thus painted me
In all the blackest Colours of Damnation,
If he has one Spark of Man or Nature left,
This last assault will shake his Rocky soul.

Isid. What do I hear!

Bell. And thus my *Isidora*,
I sacrifice a bleeding Virgin's Fame,
To save a Brother's Soul.

Isid. Oh, wondrous Piety!

Bell. Nay for one Trophy more: when false *Perollo*
Hears the neglected *Bellamira's* Charms,
The little object of his own vain Pride,
Advanced to this exalted Greatness, rais'd
The Sovereign Mistress of a Prince's heart;
'Twill be some secret sting to his false Mind:
There is a natural pain to be out-rival'd,
Though in the thing we scorn, Thus sweet Revenge

Isid. Revenge! And is that all! By my fair hopes
Who knows the wondrous power of Boiling Envy,
He'll groan to hear you lost. But when at last
(For that fair morn must come) when you shall break
A rising Sun from all these borrow'd Clouds,
The Ecchoing Fame of such Triumphant Virtue,
Will post him back a Convert to your Eyes,
He'll throw the kneeling penitent at your Feet,
And snatch the Blessing of your pardoning mercy,
With all that raviht joy.

Bell. Ay, there's my glorious Hopes;
Now *Isidora* I must beg thy Company,
The constant partner of my Bed, my Closet,
My Bosom and my Arms, the Guardian Genius,
To wait and hover round my shielded Name,
That when my work of Fate is all fulfill'd,
And that blest morn of my fair Light shall rise,
Thy fragrant Breath shall sound my Fames sweet Trumpet:
The witness of my whole unspotted Nights,
And all the whole chaste minutes of my Greatness.

Isid. A waiting Nymph to that Divine *Diana*.
Now you've compleatly blest your *Isidora*.
And doubt not at that Coronation Day,
When *Bellamira's* Virtue shall come forth
Crown'd and Enrobed in all unspotted Ermines;
If the loud Proofs of such defended Innocence
Shall sound too weak from *Isidora's* mouth,
I'll call the whole Attesting Heav'ns to second me;
They'll all, all joyn in such fair Worth's Applause,
You can't want Miracles in such a Cause.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Perollo.

Peroll. Welcome my noble Friend, welcome to *Naples*;
Once more you breath your native Air again:
Travel from home like absence from a Mistress,

Brings

Brings but new charms to our returning Joys.

Lorenz. To one of those returning Joys, I ought
To give you welcome too, to the dear Arrival
Of your fair *Bellamira*.

Peroll. Oh my Lord,
Seduced from Truth and Heaven, I've play'd off Aposatasy
To that fair Saint, and in the Infidel Henry

Of all my blinded reason I have roved
Two whole long Summers days from those fair Eyes,
Till in my wandering Travels doubly lost,

I met my noble Friend and my awaken'd Soul.
Lor. And so awak'd, I am gladly your Eyes are open'd.
For that indeed's a Blessing: Broken Vows
And violated Love, is that sou-staining

As honourable Scutcheons ought to blish at.
But humane Nature's incident to Frailties,
Only to teach us that we are not Gods.

Peroll. But as we are not Gods, we are not Deafers
For Reason ought to sway. But I've done worse,
Then play'd the very Brute. But I'll return
And hang a Suppliant, penitent round her knees;
For the like Heaven's all ready.

Loren. H't, stand close.

Enter Guzman and Lupercus, with Mallico, drunk.

I am a stranger here, let us observe
What things are these in sight: they seem rare Objects.

Guzm. No drink more: Dog lines Double, Thou shalt drink;
Drink and be drunk, for to be drunk in Poco
Is to be wise in *Molco*, and speak Parables.

Luperc. Damn thee thou face of Wlckar, thy thin Skull
Wants quilting of Canary. Pox o' Gravity,
Sobriety's most accurst, and held rank Here they
By all the General Councils of Good Fellowship.

Maf. Nay, Gentlemen, I hope you will not quarrel me.

Guzm. Whose Pandar art thou, Triplet?

Lup. Say, whose Whisk.

Maf. Pandar and Whisk: why if I be a Pandar

My place will bear me out on't, I serve a Lady
A Buxom, tossing, sumptuous, whirling Lady,
The Princess *Bellamira*.

Peroll. Hear you that, Sir?

Loren. No words, we shall know more.

Guzm. Oh cur of Satan,
How he barks Lyes ! serve her !

Luper. A Creature honest,
And poor as Hunger.

Mass. No, Sir, she's not poor :
And on my conscience, Gentlemen, you wrong her,
To call her honest ! she keeps a Table, Gentlemen ;
A Table, a high and mighty Table.

A broad Table, a broad and long one too, do but you come ye Slaves,
And visit me in my Ladies Sovereign Wine-seller ;
And, faith, Boys, I'll firke you, as you've firkt me.
My Lady say you, she has servants, Men servants,
And Maid-servants, tall and proper, and I command in chief.
This Wine is very strong, and does so run
A tilt in my poor Noddle. But hark ye,
Say that my Lady *Bellamira's* poor
Or honest, once more honest, and I swear
By *Cupid's* Club, and *Heracles's* Quiver,
I shall so maul your Ears.

Guzm. The Fool grows valiant.
Wine has inspired him. But without more roaring,
Tell me my white Boy is not thy huge Mistress
Sister to the prodigal *Antonio* !

Mass. No, such another word, and I am in choller.
My Princess when she was a mortal sinner,
Perhaps might call him Brother. But now, now,
If you dare justify that they e're tumbled in one Belly,
My Staff of Office walks.

Guzm. Well Bully, if thou canst roar so briskly, canst not thou sing too
Mass. Sing !

S I N G S.

I'll sing you a Song of my Mistress so pretty,
A Lady so frolick and gay,
It tickles my fancy to tune her sweet Ditty.
For Love is all her Play.

She's pretty and witty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
A Lady so frolick and gay.
Begin at both Ends, and end in the middle,
'Tis Love is all her play.

She

She Hugs, and she Kisses without a word speaking,

A Lady so Frolick and Gay,

That she falls on her Back without flinching or squealing,

For Love is all her Play.

She can sleep with a whole load of Greasiness and Humour,

A Lady so Frolick and Gay,

In a fair pair of Sheets, and warm Love upon her,

For Love is all her Play.

Enter Antonio.

Lup. Brave Man at Arms, see where our Leader comes.

Loren. Perollo!

Perol. I am in a deadly Dream.

Anton. My honourable Friends! Ha! Who have you got there.

Guzm. One of the Squires of the Body to thy Sister.

Anton. My Lady Sisters fine Usher, what in Erse.

Lup. Nay, have a care what you say, he's a dangerous Fellow,

A Gyant in his Wine.

Maf. You're a Dog-whipper,

A Slave not worth my Anger.

Anton. Nay then, I see that Temperance can sometimes

Change Colours like Hypocrisie. Go sleep.

You'll find a welcome home.

Maf. Welcome! Ay, Sir, as welcome as a Prince, and as drunk

As a Prince, and as great as a Prince.

Exit.

Guzm. Now we hope, Noble Captain, we are all happy,

Your glorious heav'nly Sister flows with Gold,

And now we shall ne'er want.

Amq. Oh never.

She melts in Love, and wee'll dissolve in Pleasures.

Lor. Be a Man still Perollo.

Perol. 'Tis impossible

Enter Fidelio.

Oh my Heart Trembles!

Ant. Lads, here's my old Friend come to find us out.

Fid. Still a roaring,

With your old blessed Crew

Ant. Brave Men of Fashion.

Guzm. Servants to noble Action.

Lup. And scorn Riches.

Fid. Your Ear, here's twenty Ducats: Four hours hence

Pray

Pray give me meeting at *Bellevue Grove*,
And come alone.

Ant. Trusty *Fidelio* to guide me.

Fid. Be sure you keep your promise, 'twill concern you.

Ant. Good, I'll not fail: See here my hearts of Gold.

Come follow me my *Sparkling Diamonds*.

Exeunt Antonio and Fidelio and Lupo.

Fid. My Princely Masters ever honoured Brothers,
Welcome to *Naples*.

Lecron. Honest old *Fidelio*.

Fid. Bound to your Lordships service.

Peroll. But my Lord,

Be pleas'd to shorten your saluting Ceremonies,

For I have a question here to this good man.

Fid. And I an Answer to that ungracious Boy.

Peroll. Then to be plain, I have play'd the unhappy Listener

To those loud whispers, sounds of that dire Accents

Against the lovely *Bellamira's* Fame.

Fid. And were those sounds but whispers!

Peroll. How *Fidelio*.

Fid. Because her Name talks louder than a whisper.

Peroll. Now my increasing Fears: pray Sir inform me.

Fid. You'll best inform your self.

Peroll. But is that fair one —

Fid. Perhaps not quite so fair as when you left her.

Peroll. This is unkind, *Fidelio*: Do not jest.

With miseries like mine. But tell me seriously,

'Tis true, I fear the dire assaults thou'lt give me:

Cities that look for Storms ought to be fenced:

With Walls and Bulwarks: so to bear the shock

Of *Bellamira's* Ruines, should *Peroll's*

Poor Heart be fenced.

Fid. I like this Prologue well.

Per. Tell me the fatal Truth, tho thou should'st speak

In Thunder, and each killing word thou utter'st,

Strikes with a Bolt of Fate.

Fid. Then, Sir, prepare

To find the unhappy *Bellamira* lost.

Peroll. Oh my sick heart!

Lor. My Brother now is Viceroy, and it seems

Measures the Law of Virtue by his will.

Is't not so, good *Fidelio*.

Fid. I am his Servant;

Yet Truth will be Truth still.

Per. But dear *Fidilio*, can it be possible?

Fid. Ask your self that Question:
Look inwards for your Answer.

Peroll. Ha! what say'st thou?

Fid. Ask your own Heart, *Peroll*, it tells that wonder

That all the broken Vows of perjur'd Man,

Poor Infidelity, and base Ingratitude,

The slights and scorn, and all these barbarous wrongs

Should raise that raging storm of wild Despair,

Till in the shipwracks of the frantick Tempest

Ev'n Truth and Virtue drown.

— This sure, will work

Sir, you desired plain dealing, and I've given it you,

And so farewell,

Peroll. To Peace and Heav'n, farewell,

For I have lost 'em both.

Lor. What says my Friend?

Per. Oh I have done that deed, that impious sin

Will rack my Quiet with eternal Torments,

And shade the whole fair Glories of my Life,

In Everlasting Night.

Lorenz. Hast thou done this?

Peroll. Yes, I, the false *Peroll*; this black Firebrand

Has laid the Beauteous *Bellanira's* Virtue,

That once fair Temple of the chaste *Diana*,

Heap'd in one blazing Ruin. But the Traytors

The cursed Sycophants, that Brace of Blood-hounds,

That hunted all my worried Honour down

To all these wounds and Death; shall these black Villains

Out-live their barbarous guilt.

— Their Lives! too poor Sacrifice!

No; they have stung me with that Scorpion's Poyson,

Not the cruelt Scorpion's Blood can ever cure.

Lor. Nay now you sink beneath the Man, *Peroll*,

Peroll. Beneath the Beast, *Lorenz*, sink to a Mountain

But now my Lord, if your descending Goodness

Can stoop your Friendship to such Crimes as mine,

Lead me to that sad pile of fair Descriptions

Those Eyes whose once bright Charms my Soul could melt

Oh may they now turn Basilisks and kill

And when I shall approach that injur'd Fair,

Justice, Divine dear Justice, meet me there

Through this false heart your Bolt of Vengeance fly

I need but sick'n of her wounds to die

A C T. IV.

Enter Gurello, and Rinaldo.

Rin. **P**erollo return'd back, I do not like this.

Gurel. I hope no puff of Love has blown him back,
The Wurd in that rough corner will be boylsterous.

Rin. Especially if she should get Intelligence
Of our sweet Embassy to Bellamira.

Gurel. Hang it, let's put on a good Face, for Confidence
Is the best Masque of Innocence.—But see
The Court begins to thicken.

Enter Duke, Dutches, Lorenzo, Perollo, and all the Court Attendants.

Duke. Your return, Brother, shall find noble welcom. [*To Lorenzo.*

Perol. How my Blood boyls at sight of those Twin-Devils.

[*Looking on Gurello and Rinaldo.*

Rin. Perollo, sure we saw you spur'd and mounted.

And what return'd so soon?

Perol. My Lord, you sent

T' invite me back again.

Rin. I send t' invite you!

Perol. Yes Sir, to see a brace of He-bawds hang'd.

Rin. Hang'd, says he!

Guzm. Yes Rynaldo, hang'd! plain hanging.

Rin. I hope he has not travelled for this Complement.

Duke. Lords, I was seeking for you. Go, go Madam,

Take your old Enemy to task, *Rinaldo,*

My Wife will play a Game at Chess.

Rin. Her Grace is grown too serious at the Game.

Dutch. A Learner, my Lord, you mean.

Duke. Perollo is not merry, some one employ him.

Dutch. He shall be my Task.

For once, *Rinaldo,* you shall pardon me,

For choosing a new Gamster: Change, I have heard,

Is much in the Court-mode; and I am resolv'd

Not to be out of Fashion. Come, *Perollo,*

Say, dare you stand a Challenge from a Lady.

Perol. It's your Graces Pleasure to command me,

The Honour you vouchsafe, must be received

Without a common Pride. But yet your Grace

Will

Will find me but a melancholy Gamster :
And if you could excuse me —

Dutch. Nay; no starting,
What, Sir, when I invite —

Perol. I am all Duty,

Dutch. Now Fortune, Wit, and Love, the three great Deities
Of our adoring Sex, assist and prosper me. (Exit Dutchess, &c.)

Manent Polycastro and Lorenzo.

Pol. We'll suddenly be with you; now *Lorenzo*; What Novelty of Consequence, and Secrecy
Hast thou reserv'd, to which our Ear alone
Is fittest for attention? *Lor.* Novelty,

My most Honour'd Brother, of such strange report,
That you your self, the subject of the Scandal,
Cannot but check the Justice of th' occasion,
That gave it Tongue.

Pol. I interrupt you not
Lor. Fame, for an Entertainment, ere I scarce

Saluted, had the Air, which first I breath'd,
Not in false whispers, but a Loud Alarm
Hallow'd into my Ear the utter Ruine
Of *Polycastro's* Honour, stoop'd by passion
From an Assent of Goodness, to the Baits
Of an ignoble Lull.

Pol. You're very plain Sir.

Lor. That Charity is cruel, which supplies
The wants of Fortune with the theft of Virtue
And such is yours; so Moths in Commonwealths
Depopulate whole Towns, and from the Curle
Of Widdows, Orphans, Virgins, in exchange
Build two or three poor Hospitals; your Bounty
Proves much more generous than would Relieve
A chaste maids Poverty with Riotous Surfeits,
And Drunkenness of pleasures.

Pol. Travel has made you Eloquent, and Bold.

Lor. Sloth and Security have made you wanton
Have rob'd you of your Reason; else you could not
But apprehend the Dangers, certain Dangers
You headlong run into.

Pol. I fear no Dangers.

Lor. Remember into what a powerful Family
Your Marriage has engag'd you: How your Dutchess
Is Sister to the Duke of *Metaling*,
A nobleman, in fashion Great, as Great
In Popular Dependances, a Grandee
Of *Spain*, and highly in our Sovereign's Favour

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Remember that our Vice-roy is her Unkle;
How by this Match you are advanc'd to Honours;
The great Mareschal of *Naples*, chief in Council;

Pol. Still, Sir, I hear you out.

Lor. But what is most, a Lady Virtuous;
Sweet in the Composition of her Nature,
Fair, Young, and yet not so declin'd in Spirit
But that such wrongs as you will tempt her with,
Must raise all these Additions to your blood,
Like dreadful Comets, or impending Plagues
To threaten your Destruction, in whose fall
I and your other friends must highly share.

For what too? for an uncontroul'd mad flame,
For an unlawful Beggerly Desire,
To a Neglected Mistress, to a Creature
Of neither Birth nor Fortune; to a Fondness
I know not how to Stile, 'tis such a Novelty.

Pol. Have you said enough?

Lor. This for conclusion;
You must sink suddenly and without pitty;
Live scorn'd, and Dye without a Monument,
More then the mention of unruly Appetite,
Shall brand your Name with; then to every Age,
Truth will record your Shame; a Glorious Epitaph
O're your Great Dust, the Tomb of *Polycastro*;
Here lies the wretched Martyr to a Courtesan.
I have discharged my Duty.

Pol. I have heard thee,
And heard thee; young man, without Interruption:
With such a tameness too, as thou may'st Question:
Whether Reproof can raise an Anger in me;
Or what base Stuff, what dull, and lazy Patience
My Soul is moulded of; But I am silent:
Else when I am provokt, I speak in Action,
Fatal to such as urge me.
Resolve me only in a word, and truly,
Did'st ever see this Beauty, whom thy Language
Has made so bold with?

Lor. Never. *Pol.* I forgive thee.

Lorenzo, now thou art again my Brother.
I'll lead thee to her, Mark her well *Lorenzo*,
Observe her with a curious Eye; be cunning;
In search of her Perfections: Do not flatter
The Violence of opinion; but use Justice
In censuring my Folly; then *Lorenzo*
When thou'rt within that killing Beauties reach,

To

To guard thy Heart thy manliest Courage call
And if thou stand'st unshaken, blame my Fall.

(Exit.

Enter Dutcheſs, Perollo, Gurello, Rinaldo and Ladies.

Dutch. Sir I congratulate your ſmiling Fortune:
I own you for my Conquerour.

Gur. But Madam

If I may Judge of Conqueſt, that ſtrange ſadneſs
Hung on *Perollo's* Brow; he play'd his Game out
With all that cold Neglect, that I much wonder
How he came off a winner.

Perol. Had'st thou play'd me
No fouler Game I had never been a loſer.

Gur. Ha! the old ſnarl! Keep him from Biting,
And let him growle his pleaſure.

(Aside.

Rin. Nay indeed
His ſadneſs is too viſible; he wears
That Melancholly Aſpect——

Dutch. That becomes him;
Experience has inſtructed his fair mind
To laugh at the ridiculous Antick Follies
Which Gallants glory in.

Per. Your Grace is Charitable.

Dutch. Juſt you would ſay *Perollo*; 'tis from Juſtice
Not flattery I ſpeak. And whatſoever
Theſe Courtiers like not in you, my weak Judgment
Approves moſt excellent. There's not a ſigh
Flies from your Breſt, but ſoftly courts my pitty,
With ſuch a tenderneſs as almoſt drives
Compaſſion to a wiſh; a fond deſire
Of a more near Acquaintance with ſuch ſorrows,
Such lovely ſorrows. *Rin.* How's this:

Per. May it pleaſe your Grace,
My infociety rather proceeds
Out of my nature then from a known Cauſe;
I am not inclined to Mirth.

Dutch. Your own Diſcourſe
Is Mirth enough to you. Let giddy Brains
Perſue the mimic Apishneſs of Cuſtom;
Upon thy Tongue hangs wonder and Delight.
An honourable Gravity gives life
To every ſweet Behaviour. Happy *Perollo*
I envy not thy Virtues but admire them.

Gur. Her Grace is ſure in Love.

Rin. Love by ſweet *Perollo*.

Per. Your Grace is pleaſed to rally my poor weakneſs.

Dutch. By my ſair Faith I am not that Triſſer. And
To give you ſome more ſtrong Creditialls
Of the juſt Honour that I pay ſuch merits,

Rosana. *Rosana.* Madam —

Dutch. Go, and prepare a Banquet.
Come Sir, a Conversation so agreeable
I must not yet resign. I must intreat thee
To be my Guest; and pass the time away
In telling me the Story of thy Fortunes.
And when thou'rt weary of that noble subject,
I'll give thee a Relation of my own,
As shall not be unpleasant to thy Ear.

Gur. Strange fits. *Rin.* 'Tis plain.

Gur. Well here's fine hunting Counter:
The Duke has most unfortunately run
Perollo's Mrs. down; and now his Dutcheff
Crosses the Hunt; and starts her own fair Game,
For kind *Perollo's* chace.

Rin. Well; speed the sport, I say.
And if he has but half the sense I wish him;
He'll drop the cooler Trayl of the lost *Bellamira*
For this inviting Game and warmer Quarry.

Gur. Ay, that would make all happy. The fond Duke
Blest in his *Danae's* Arms; the amorous Dutcheff
Pleas'd with her Minion, and *Perollo* charm'd
With his new prouder Victory; all his
Old fury fit quite hush'd, and our Throats safe;
No Jealous cloud left, but all sweet content,
And thus, to dear soft Loves immortal Trophy;
All Parties pleas'd, let Wars and discords cease:
I give my Vote in, for a General Peace. (Exeunt.)

Enter *Antonio Gusman* and *Lupercus*.

Ant. Plague of the Dice. Fortune's a Bitch, you prate
Of Tricks and Tricks and Tricks, but still my Money
Is Trickt away. Now must we walk like Rascals.
Fast, Curse and Fast, Fast, look ye fast ye Scoundrells.

Gusf. Sure we were all bewitched.

Ant. No, for; the Devil play'd
Booty, and conjur'd all my Gold away.

Lup. Now could I tear my very flesh in peices.

Ant. Thy flesh in peices! tear thy heart, thy soul out!
Dye and be Damn'd; is that a satisfaction
For twenty Ducats lost! can either of us
Hope to enjoy such an immortal fuman again?

Gusf. We will — or —

Ant. starve, for that will be the End.
Then be hung up in some Anatomy School,
To shew the Surgeons skill that dead ye;
With this Inscription, on our Dirty Graves:
“Lo the Triumviri, who for the sins
“Of Drabs and Dice were forc'd to pawn their skins!

Lup.

Lup. Still a Gamester must have patience
And lose sometimes in Policy

Ant. Damn Policy,

That cannot get a Dinner or a Drinking.
I'll play no more; here I renounce the Trade.

Gus. Will you turn Infidel?

Ant. Instead of Gaming,

I'll fall to Drinking, Boy; Death, I'll recover

My whole Estate again by Drinking;

And then be made a German Count. A Roman

Was by a Jolly Emperour created

A Senator for Drinking: Why not I:

Lup. We'll all be German Counts, and drink unmeasurably.

Ant. Go to the Tavern next to the Castle Postern;

Call for a Sea of Wine, Wine a whole Deluge

I'll come with Gold to pay for't.

Gus. You'll not fail.

Ant. I'll come; my Reputation is my Gage.

Gus. That pawn's sufficient.

(*Exeunt Gus. and Lup.*)

Ant. Roguey ill luck has cast us. Say these Cattle

Should cross bite me, and share my Purse between them?

Arch Rogues they are. Faith I am little better;

Besides an Ass to boot. I could wish heartily

I had my Estate again. But how! yes, how!

E'en how I can. If *Fidelio* keeps his word

This is the place and hour

Enter Fidelio.

Old true Penny, Welcome.

Fid. Antonio, now we are alone and private

Pray let me ask you; how do you intend

To peice your wretched Life out!

Ant. Faith at present I cannot well resolve thee.

Fid. Play on still

At the old losing Game. Shift, Shirk and Starve.

Ant. E'en much that sort of Life.

Fid. I am sorry for it.

Ant. And troth I am not much pleased.

Fid. Nay do not jest with your Calamities;

This is the last time I will ever urge

Your Reformation; if you now neglect me,

By that due thanks I owe your Father's Memory,

I will no more esteem you for a Creature,

That bears the name of Man.

Ant. Nay, be not angry.

Fid. Would thou could'st be so; angry with thy self,

To think how they wilful Follies have undone thee.

But

But for the last of all thy Familie's Ruines
What think'st thou of thy Sister !

Ant. Faith, but little ; for thinking's my Aversion.

Fid. Ay, no doubt on't.

Thy Soul is drown'd too deep in drunken Lethargy
To keep those noble Faculties of Man
Reason and Thought awake.

Ant. Reason and Thought ; ———

Why, faith, to tell the truth, they are two such
Dull, Heavy, and such troublesome Companions,
Especially to a man of my light Air,
That in meer Policy I keep them sleeping
Not to disturb me waking.

Fid. Ay, Antonio

That's Policy indeed : For should they wake,
They'd tell thee such a hideous tale of Horror ;
Tell thy foul Life, and all thy bloated sins,
Thou hast a sister Damned.

Ant. Ha !

Fid. Damn'd Antonio By thee Antonio Damned.

Ant. By me !

Fid. By thee, thou wretched miscreant ———

Ant. Have a care, old Gentleman.

Fid. Have thou a care, young Ruffian, least the Ghost
Of that fair ruin'd Virtue by thee murder'd
Haunt thy foul sleeps, and fright thy starting Dreams.

Ant. Ha !

Fid. Nor is this all. I tell thee, Boy, her sins
Shall make thee groan, whilst her Adultrous Fires
Shall light the brands when thou shalt Burn in Hell.

Ant. What do I hear !

Fid. In thy lost Sisters single fall from Honour,
Thou art the barbarous Author of more wickedness,
Than all thy own black Life has e're committed.

A man may be a Libertine, a Prodigal,
Sunk in Debauch and Shame ; and by the worlds
Too popular cheap Indulgence, live to wash
His Fame all white again——— But poor lost Woman ;

A Woman when she falls her shame's immortal :
Not Death can wash the stain : Her vile Dishonour
Ev'n lives beyond the Grave.

Ant. Oh my sick heart.

Fid. Nor is this half her fall : When her proud Duke,
Cooling and tired, shall turn her forth to Infamy ;
And by the common curse of her fain Sex,
Strip'd of her gaudy Plumes, she sins in common ;
Then live to see her bring a nest of Brats
From unknown Fathers ; a promiscuous Brood ;
Who from the Bulk, the Dunghill, Ditch, and Stable,

Their

Their honourable Cradles, Beds and Roofs;
By the high Veins of the poor Drab their Mother,
Shall call *Antonio* Uncle; do you mark me —
Uncle *Antonio*, all thy Nephews, Nieces,
Stain of thy Blood, and scandal of thy Name,
All that curst Nursery of thy own Damnation.

Ant. No more, no more; thou hold'st the Glass of shame,
So near my open'd Eyes, as only shew me
That I am lost in Death.

Fid. And found to Life.

Cherish those noble Thoughts and be a Man again.

Ant. But oh yond angry Heavens —

Fid. They are all mercy, All pardoning goodness.

And. What a mass of Sins,

Lyes on this loaded Heart, my whole black life,

My swallow'd Virtue, and my buried Honour:

Oh what a Bottomless yawning Gulph's behind me?

Fid. And what Immortal Peace and Joys before thee.

Ant. But where's my bleeding sighs, and bending Knees;

What Expiation, what atoning Sacrifice,

Can wash my Ethiop shame?

Fid. But dear *Antonio*,

May I believe this blest Conversion true?

Ant. True; as that I have been false to all that's good;

To Vice a Prostitute, to Truth a Stranger;

To Heaven a Rebel; and a slave to Hell.

Fid. Oh my blest hopes!

Ant. But dear *Fidelio* tell me

To what kind Cloyster must I go, what Cell;

The lonely Walls of Penitence and Death:

Where shut out from the World, my hiding Head,

All wrapt in Dust, may wayle a poor lost Soul,

And bleeding Sisters Wounds.

Fid. No my Dear Convert,

Thy penitence shall have a gentler Penance.

No Broken sleeps, no waking midnight-calls,

Nor those Course Rags, the humble weeds of Poverty;

Thy Reformation shall shine forth in Glory.

Ant. What says my Angel guide?

Fid. Shine forth in Glory.

Here take these thousand Crowns in Gold, and throw

That tatter'd shame away; appear thy self.

From this blest hour of thy returning Virtue,

A Profelute and Favourite of Heaven,

Wait the rich Blessings and rewarding Joys,

That Crown the Brows of Honour.

Ant.

Ant. I am all Amazement and Confusion. But my Sister,
My poor lost Sister —

Fid. Nay thy Sister too
Her Clouds must be dispell'd : the dark Eclipse
That shades those lovely Eyes — But ask no farther
Hush all thy fears, and wait an hour of wonders.

Ant. What Glorious Beauties does fair truth di sp'ay
Methinks already I've one glimmering Ray,
But if the Dawn of Virtue shine so bright;
What are the Beams of her Meridian light.

Enter the Duke, Lorenzo, Bellamira and Isidoro.

Duke. As thou'rt all Goodness and a little Trespass
Will be a Venial sin; I have presumed
To bring thee such a Visitant; a Brother,
An Angry Brother too, and so profane
A murmurer against that Beauteous Temple
That in all humblest Duty bound, I have brought
The wandering mis-believer, to have his Ignorance
Corrected, and his Infidelity converted.

Bell. Nay now, my Lord, you have set me
Too hard a task! Alas Sir, the Conversion
Of unbelievers is the work of Heav'n.

But I, an humble blushing Peice of Earth
Can boast but small Divinity. *Duke.* Divinity
By all the sacred charms in those fair Eyes
Such Beauties Madam. — *Bell.* How, my Lord!

Duke. I have done.

Oh-Bellamira, I had almost forgot my self.
Thou, like high Heaven, art only to be worship'd
With clouds and skies, and parting worlds between us.
And now, my Brother, as thou'rt come
To sit my Sovereign Judge of Life and Death
Pronounce my Sentence; speak Lorenzo — speak.

Lor. My Admiration has chain'd up my Tongue,
And I want words to speak.

Duke. Not so my Brother!
Thou'rt not so lost in wonder to be dumb;

Bell. Ay Sir, no doubt, so lost. His just Amazement
Has hung this fetter'd silence on his Lips,
To think how the Great Duke of Polycastro
Looks down so low as the poor Bellamira.

Lor. Looks down nay, then 'tis time to find a Tongue.
Looks down, thou Beauteous Excellence! if any
But thy own mouth durst breath that profanation —

Duke. Now Sir what says my Judge!

Lor. No more the Judge

But

But the Offender, call'd down from the Bench,
 I at the Bar must kneel. Most injur'd fair,
 He who brought Vengeance now for Mercy sues,
 For oh I've sin'd against those sacred Glories;
 Till my kind Brother generously brought me
 To wake and open my enlighten'd Eyes.

Duke. How Brother, is this all my Condemnation!
 This all the angry Doom thou hast to give me!

Loren. This all I have to give: what are thy Faults?
 All I have now t' accuse or to condemn,
 Are the too cruel Stars that ruled thy Birth.
 Had those Ascendant powers smil'd but so kind,
 As only to have destin'd those fair Eyes
 The earlier Conquerours of thy Virgin Heart;
 T' have blest thy Marriage Love; as now the Pitty,
 Then thou hadst rais'd the Envy of the World.

Duke. Ay Brother, had those fair Destroyers Charms
 Given my first wound, then I had been Blest indeed.

Lor. But, Madam, as my too hardfated Brother
 Saw those fair Eyes too late, and only brought thee
 A straggling Fugitive lost from Truth and Life:
 Oh be so kind to break his fatal Chains:
 If possible, restore his wander'd Heart:
 Oh thou'lt be God-like good; this divine Justice
 Will crown thy Brow in yond bright Choir of Angels.
 Do,— give him back his Heart—for thy own sake,
 For those bright Beauties sake. For, oh! were pity
 Such charms should shine less than a Star in Heav'n.

Bell. Ay, now, my Lord, you're kind: Now you have brought me
 That charming Orator, to tune my soul
 With all this ravishing Musick.—Yes thou kind
 Dear Champion of fair truth, doubt not to see
 That Divine Justice acted; for that Star
 Must *Bella* shine

(Exit with Isidora.

Duke. Ay, Sir, that Star shall *Behamira* shine.

(Exit.

Lor. A Star! Ah, no!
 A falling Star thou mean'st! oh that the Gods
 Should form the Beauteous works of their Creation
 Of such unequal Mould! A Face so fair
 And yet so stain'd a soul!

Enter Perollo.

Per. Now friend, thou hast seen
 That most wrong'd Fair; say, is she not a Miracle?

Lor. No doubt, but she has been a Miracle:
 I dare not say she is one. *Per.* Yes she is one:
 She must; she shall be one: For 'tis I only,
 'Tis I am all the Monster; such a Monster —
 But I am too slow; my tardy penitence

Wants wings — oh let me fly — *Lor.* Where are you going?

Per. To lay my prostrate Neck at her dear Feet;
Couch like a bending slave; make her Walk ring
With Echo's to my Groans; and with the floor
With my hearts bleeding Tears.

Lor. Not for the world. *Per.* What say'st thou?

Lor. By the Honour of your name; I do conjure ye,
By all your Peace of Life, I do conjure ye,
Stir not; oh, go not near those fair Enchantments:
Thou can'st not guess what dangers thou wilt meet.

Per. Hah! did you meet such dangers? *Lor.* I, my friend?
My heart's secure from such polluted fires;
But thy weak reason and unguarded breast —
Who knows to what thy fond despair may drive thee;
Perhaps to sink beneath the *Chace's* Charms;
To dream thy Freedom, Sense, and Soul away;
And wake in shame and Ruin.

Per. Well, what then Sir? *Lor.* Had I need had I need
Whatever I shall do, or I shall suffer;
Dye on her Lips, or Perish at her Feet!
In Love, Despair, or Death; I her Slave or Martyr;
I tell the Gods and thee, and all their Thunder,
I'll visit that wrong'd fair One. *Lor.* Hold; yet hold!

Per. By all my Foes in Heaven, I'll not be stopp'd:
I am the Lord of my own Life or Death;
Command my Fate, and will not be Contrould.

Lor. Wait but a little patience; go not now:
Thou'lt find a Rival there. *Exit Fido.*

Per. So much the better! *Per.* The only man I'd meet: For oh I want
To tear the false Usurper from her Arms;
Tumble the headlong Phaeton from his Throne,
And claim my Sovereign right.

Fid. Ay this is Musick! *(Aside.)*
To all my glorious Hopes — Come then, *Perollo*;
I'll be thy guide and lead thee to this fair One.

Per. And wilt thou be so kind? *Fid.* So just, *Perollo*.
For 'tis but Justice to such pains as thine
To see that Face once more. Nay her own pity
Must ev'n desire it too. *Per.* Say that again.

And is it possible! Can she desire it?
Can that wrong'd fair One, have a wish, a thought,
A Name, or Memory, for false *Perollo*?

Fid. Early to morrow I'll attend you thither;
If possible, before the waking Lark,
And next her morning prayers. *(Exit Per.)*

Per. See her to morrow !
 Then I'll have patience : Like the watchfull Nightingale
 A whole long tedious night, I'll wake on Thornes ;
 Curse the slow Moon, and all yond lazy fires,
 And bless the morning Star. Let me but meet
 Those Eyes once more, and I'll live or dye
 Though life its Joys, and Love its charms may have,
 She'll equally be kind to kill, or save :
 In Death there's peace, and rest within the

ACT V

Enter Guzman, and Luperco, without their Swords.

Guzm. **P**Aund for the Reckoning, dipt and stuck, and Mortgaged?
 And our poor mortal Carcasses embargod?

Lup. This is Antonio's Honour, with a Pox to him
 Go to the Tavern next the Castle Postern,
 Call for a Sea of Wine, Wine a whole Deluge,
 I'll come with Gold to pay for't. — *Guzm.* Ay, we thank him.

His Golden Angels came for our Redemption;
 But plague upon his own damn'd Cloven-foot
 That made 'em miss their way. — *Prethec Luperco*
 Shall we sit tamely down with this Affront
 Or ask him satisfaction? — *Lup.* Satisfaction!

Ay, if his Blood and Throat and Soul can give it us.
 But hark ye, *Guzman*, as we are men of Honour,
 And must do all things decently, what think you;
 If we first very fairly slice his Wind-pipe;
 And then as honourably strip his skin off,
 And bury him in a Ditch:

Guz. I like the motion strangely; all Heroick.
 That worthy Gentleman that spoke last, spoke well.

Lup. But where's the Tools for all this Execution?
 Thou know'st our mortal Dugdeons are in Limbo.
 Thy trusty Bilbo, and my bold Toledo
 Bound to their good Behaviour; pawn'd at the Tavern.

Enter Antonio gloriously dress'd.

Guz. But see, yonder. He comes: Ha! all in Glory:
 New rigg'd, new mann'd!

Lup. New Sould! — my Noble Master —

Guzm. Illustrious! — *Lup.* All Divine!

Ant. Well, Sirs, I think I broke my word last night.

Guz. Not worth your naming:

Ant. But still to break my word — *Lup.* A Toy, a Trifle.

Ant. But Faith ought to be kept, though but with Infidels.

Guz. Spoke like a Man of Honour. *Ant.* You shall find me one —

Bosb We ne'r doubt it, Sir.

Ant. Before we part —

(*Aside.*)

Guz. But say, my lovely Boy, whence all this Glory?
From what new Golden Mine!

Lup. Ay my dear Bully,
What Luck, what smiling Stars, say, how, when, where?

Ant. Only a thousand Crowns.

Guzm. A thousand Crowns,
Why, 'tis enough to keep a whole Seraglio.

Canc. Come, whither shall we go to rowle in Pleasures?

Lup. Ay say my sparkling Lad, we will have Joys
And Wine and Whores, and Punks, and Bawds and Fiddles.

Ant. Look ye, Sirs, I came to talk with men
But cause you look like Vagrants more than Heroes,
I'll first restore your implements of Manhood,
And then I'll talk with you.

[*Beckons to a Boy within
the Scenes, who brings
them both their Swords,
and then goes off again.*]

Guzm. Your most obliged —
Oh you're all noblenefs.

Lup. The world can't match you.

Guzm. The whole nine Worthies were all Pygmies to you.
But say, where shall we go, Boy?

Ant. To the Gallows.

Lup. Why is there Wine and Whores there?

Ant. No; but what

You want more, Hemp, and Halters.

Guzm. Hemp and Halters!

Lord, Noble Squire, how sweetly do you rally.

Ant. Ignoble Slave, how basely do you lye.

Lup. He keeps the Humour rarely. Really, Sir,
Yo'd make an excellent Player.

Ant. Really coundrel You'd make a better Hangman.

Guzm. Wit, shear Wit: Well this prosperity makes us so ingenious,

Ant. I tell thee Vermine! *Lup.* Vermine, Good again.

Well, you may talk of your poor Dogs called Poets;
But none but your rich Rogues make your true Wits.

Ant. Why how now Impudence, ye Fronts of Brass!
What Rascals, do you think I am not in Earnest?

Guzm. In Earnest! Oh sweet, Sir, you must excuse us,
We know your Heart too well, and you know us,
Your faithful Friends and Servants. Talk your pleasure
't is not a Jest shall lose us.

Ant. How's all this.

Ha! what my Jolly Brace of Unbelievers:
Belike then you want Faith!

Lup. Want Faith, sweet, Sir!

No, we want nothing but a little Money;

And

And that we shan't want long ; whilst kind *Antonio*
Our honoured Friend and Patron rouls in Gold,
We never can be poor. *Ant.* Well since you'll give it so,
I own I stand indebted to your Merits.

Guz. Most Worthy, Sir, you do us too much Honour.

Ant. I owe you both so much—*Lap.* Ah dear sweet Sir,

Ant. Which thus I'll pay you. [Kicks 'em

Varlets, Rascals, Dogs.

Guz. What do you mean, Sir ?

Lap. Are you distracted ?

Guz. Have you lost your Princely Wits ?

Ant. No Rascals, I've my Wits, tho' you have lost yours.
And cause your weaker Ears and Understandings
Cannot distinguish betwixt Jest and Earnest ;
I'll try for once what quicker Apprehensions
Your aking Bones can feel. [Kicks 'em again.

Lap. Hold, Sir, oh hold.

Guz. You do forget your self, we are your Friends,

Lap. Your Honourable Friends.

Ant. Spanges and Horse-leeches,
Slaves that have suckt my Blood ; fed your keen Gorges
Upon the swallowed Ruine of my Fortune.
And like a pair of curst Promethean Vultures
Prey'd on my Heart, my Vitals, Fame and Honour.
But do not think this feebl'r punishment
Shall satisfie my Vengeance.

Lap. Death and Thunder !

Ant. Stay but one night in *Naples* ; and if all
The utmost Rigour of the Laws, the Arme
Of Justice, and the whole avenging Heavens
Can scourge your Crimes, I'll send you to the Gallies ;
Slaves, to the Gallies.

Guz. Oh my Ears, my Senses !

Ant. You are such Monsters that Damnation groans for you ;
The very Earth you tread on shakes and trembles
To bear such loads of Villany : Even your names
Stinck worse than all yond burning Lake of *Brimstone*
Light for your blazing Souls.

Lap. Oh hidious ! *Guz.* Monstrous !

Ant. To hang you wou'd but be too great a Favour,
The Jayle and Gibbet both would be ashamed of you :
And the kind Ditch and Dunghill be a Grave
Too honourable : So now I have done with you.

Guz. Done, in the Devil's name. [Offering to go.

Lap. Done, and we are undone.

Ant. But

Ant. But stay one word of Counsel ere I part with ye,
 If Miracles are not cas'd; If it be possible
 Such friends should ere repent; if kind salvation
 Can have a door of mercy to such Rebels,
 Goto your bended knees and waking pillows,
 Call o're your black Accounts, yours Rolls of shame.
 If possible repent and be forgiven;
 Save your lost Souls and ward the Blow of Heaven. *(Exit.)*

Lup. Think of our Souls. think of our hungry Carcasses;
 For by the way thou'rt going, I am afraid
 Were are in the Road to starving.

Guz. Ay dear Brother,
 All's lost — Had this damn'd fit of Conscience took him
 In's Rags and Tatters, a poor Dog like us,
 It had been no great loss. But a rich Rogue
 To shine in Gold, and yet to turn this Infidel.

Lup. But hark ye *Guzman*; — how have we sliced his Windpipe
 And buried him in a Ditch!

Guz. Oh fie *Lupercio*
 Didst thou not see the poor man's mad, stark mad?
 And should our sober reason set our wit
 And sense against a mad man! No *Lupercio*
 We have more Honour.

Lup. Honour; ay, such Honour
 We Cowards never want! But prethee *Guzman*
 What think'st thou of the world!

Guz. The world to come!

Lup. No fool, the world to come thinks not of us,
 And we think less of that.

Guz. But did not he bid us
 Go to our bended knees, and waking pillows?

Lup. Pillows! we shall want Beds!

Guz. Not whilst there's Bulks and Stalls dear Brother.

Lup. Thou say'st right. 'Tis now
 Such homely roosting nests our heads must serve.

Guz. To some such Hole let's e'ne go sculk and starve. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E. II.

Enter Bellamira and Isidora

Isid. Well, my dear Mistress, providence has smiled!
 And prosper'd half your hopes; your reclaim'd Brother;
 You've call'd that wanderer from Virtue home again.
 Call home your other Rover too, *Perollo*,

That

That fugitive from truth, and then your whole
Great work of Glory's finish'd.

Bell. I have some Dawn
Of smiling hopes there too, I hear already
I have stab'd Daggers through his gloaming falsehood;
And shook each Nerve of Lifer.

Ser. Perollo Madam intrate Admittance.

Bell. Then I have my wish.

Isid. Now push for this last Conquest. — But I fear
My presense will but interrupt your Freedom.
I'll take my leave. *Bell.* Yes, my sweet *Isidora*
There does not want my little Guardian Angel
To shield my Virgin Fame from such a Visitor. *(Exit Isidora)*

Enter Perollo.

Per. Thon, loveliest Picture of that fairest Saint,
The Beauteous and once Virtuous *Bellamira*;
For, oh, the Angel form is still the same.
If an Apostate from that Heaven of Beauty;
If Infidelity black as Damnation,
If Shame, Despair, and Death, may dare approach thee,
Oh give me leave to crawl to those dear Feet.

Bell. Nay, fie, *Perollo*, those hard Names, Despair,
And Death are sounds for chains and slavery.
Thy Soul knows no such shackles; ranging Liberty
Unbounded Pleasures, and the wander'd world,
Those are the Language for thy sprightlier Airs.

Per. Nay Madam, let not your Triumphant Justice
Trample on Misery, tread on that slave
That bends to Earth, and lies in Dust before you.
I have already wounds enough to kill:
To stab 'em o're again wou'd be too cruel.

Bell. 'Tis as my Soul cou'd wish.

Per. Oh *Bellamira*.

How has *Perollo* lost himself and thee.
Thy Love, thy Virtue, and thy Virgin Fame;
In my mad rage I have thrown those fairest Gems,
Into that bottomless Sea, where I'd give worlds
Cou'd I but plunge the Deep to fetch 'em back again;
But, oh, too late, I see the swallowing Gulph;
And the irrevocable Treasure's lost.

Bell. Is it so lost! Ah no! thou art deserving
Oh my too foolish Tongue; I shall betray
My easy Heart too soon. *(Aside.)*

Per. What says that charming Excellence!

Bell. Nothing *Perollo*, nothing Sir — go on.

Per. No, go thou on: something so Ravishing

Was falling from thy Lips, as shot life through me ;
And with that Innocent sweet look thou spok'st,
Methought I saw some new Divinity
Dart from thy Eyes; and light and truth shon round thee.

Bell. All your meer fancy Sir, an idle word
Dropt from my foolish Tongue, not worth the catching.

Per. And was that all ! *Bell.* Believe it Sir, no more.

Per. Nay then where's all my Airy blessings fled ?
Yes, *Bellamira*, thou too glitt'ring Vision,
My flattering Hopes are all but golden Dreams,
And in the embrace they vanish. — I confess
Thou fair offended I have sinned against thee :
And Crimes so black — yet oh thou lovely Vengeance
Thou hast too severely punisht me. To stab me
Through thy own bleeding shame, that was too much.
No angry bolt but this to strike me dead !

Bell. Nay, now *Perollo* —

Per. I have said too much.

I have rais'd a glowing blush into thy Cheeks,
And fear I have been too bold — Yet if, in all
Thy wandering fires, thou hast one spark of pity
For the poor lost *Perollo*, give me leave
Only to murmur out a few sad words,
The dying Accents of a breaking heart,
And I shall ask no more.

Bell. So small a Boon must be an easy Grant.

Per. But what I have to say, are words of that
Ungrateful sound. That oh my trembling fears —

Bell. Fears are for women : Be thy self a man.

Per. And Dost thou bid me speak !

Bell. 'Tis *Bellamira* bids thee.

Per. Then wilt thou kindly lend a listning ear !

Bell. A listning Soul to hear *Perollo* speak.

Per. What says my fair —

Bell. My listning Soul shall hear thee.

Per. Oh let me run into that darling Bosom.

Kiss those blest Lips with thousand melting Raptures,
Sweets, Divine sweets ! The Phenix spicy nest,
The blooming spring, and all the breath of Paradise !
—— But where, where am I lost !

O *Bellamira*, why, why art thou still
That mass of sweetness, not thy Bed of Death
Has blasted one poor rose.

Bell. Oh my clasp'd Ears !

Per. Let me add but one bold word more.

Bell. A thousand.

Thou hast a Tongue, and I shall find an ear.

Per. Say then thou fairest falling Star, think if thou

Those lovely Eyes, the Mirrour of a God,

Were given thee, poorly given thee to write shame on?

Bell. Indeed, I think they were not.

Per. Oh be kind then,

Kind to thy self, thy fame, thy peace, thy soul,

And turn to Truth and Heaven.

Bell. Not trembling loadstone

To its loved north more willingly.

Per. And wilt thou

From this blest minute sleep in shame no more?

Bell. Never, by all that's just!

Per. And wilt thou run

From that loath'd Tyrants Arms!

Bell. More then from Death.

Per. Oh those blest sounds! and will the lovely penitent

Fly to some distant corner of the world

And in this faithful Bosom —

Bell. Ha! what says *Perollo*!

Per. In these kind Bridegroom's Arms.

Bell. How Sir

Per. Thy Husband!

Oh do not start from my embracing Love.

Bell. Wou'dst thou then take Dishonour to thy Bosom?

Per. All my own sin. The barbarous wrongs I heaped

On that fair head was the black load that sunk thee.

Had thy own open eyes and waking senses

Seen but the frightfull precipice before thee,

Then thou hadst never faln:

Bell. But still *Perollo*, with all my blushing shame —

Per. Oh do not name it.

He that in madness sets his house afire,

And in his sober reason puts it out again;

Should he forbear to enter his own walls;

Because the sooty flames, his own black fire-brands

Have sullied the fair roof!

No thou wrong'd sweetness, let me do thee Justice.

Oh I have stain'd thee, and must wash thee fair again;

Take thee a convert to the Arms of life;

And make thee white for Heaven.

Bell. Now I have conquer'd.

(*Aside.*

And now's the time t' unmask my Veil of shame

For Coronets of Glory. Well, *Perollo*,

If then thy generous Love can stoop to take

Pollution to thy Bed, what wilt thou say

Should I bring Virtue there?

Per. What would I say?
 Bring Virtue to my Bed! Heavens, were that possible
 I'd tell the Gods that their prodigious mercy
 Has raised up sleeping Honour from a Grave,
 Call'd Death to Life, and sent thee forth a Miracle.

Bell. Then Sir that Miracle is *Bellamira*.

Per. What say'st thou! *Bell.* I am all Virtue.

Per. Virtue; say st thou.

This is so kind — Yes thou all generous goodness;
 Tell me thou'rt Ermine whiteness, maiden snow;
 Lull'd with thy Charms, and soothed with thy Songs,
 Thou lovely flatterer I'll believe them all.
 Swear, thy untainted Lips were toucht a sin;
 Do; and I'll kiss the melting sweet Delusion:
 Take thee all Virgin Innocence to my Bosom:
 Throw all thy frightful yesterdays behind me,
 And in thy Arms see nought but Heaven before me.

Bell. Nay this is too unkind. Think'st thou that I have flattered thee
 My chanted Virtue all but Siren musick.

No, my *Perollo*, my unblemished Soul,
 Not Infants Dreams, nor Angels Joys more Innocent;
 These gaudy vanities, this glittering roof,
 And *Polycastro's* Arms all but a shadow,
 Which at thy Sun must vanish. *Per.* Gracious Heaven!

Bell. Meet me this Evening at the Dutchess Lodgings:
 There thou shalt hear that all amazing Story —

I see *Perollo*, thy whole senses all
 Lockt up in Admiration. Be so still.

Thou'rt sunk in wonder, and shalt rise in extasies. *(Exit.)*

Per. Ridels and Prodigies! whether oh whether
 Have my Seraphick Raptures snatcht me up;
 To what bright Regions, what all dazzling Thrones,
 Eternal Blessings and immortal Crowns!

Oh Love, what dawn of Glories hast thou given?
 Make the blest Dream but true, and let me wake in Heaven. *(Exit.)*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Lorenzo.

Duke. Rack of my peace, and bane of all my honour;
My Wife turn'd wanton? Lor. How, my princely Brother!

Duke. By all my hopes of Life, she courts Perollo.

Lor. Perollo Sir; Duke. Ev'n in her very Dreams.

Dreams did I say; aye in her waking Dreams:

Calls on his name, and with an Air so passionate,

Above the transports of a sleeping Rapture.

Lor. Indeed my Lord!

Dutch. Nay and to stab yet deeper,

Let me but next day tell her in soft Language,

The fleetings of her passion in the night;

She smiles, and quaintly bids me kiss my Mistress;

It comes not near her heart, nor shall it move her.

This very morning, by the Truth of Honour;

As I was parting with a kind embrace,

She put me off, and cry'd, sweet Bellamira,

I envy not thy pleasures; so flies from me.

Lor. 'Tis strange!

Duke. Death and Confusion! shall I bear it!
Content with the poor Brokage of a Bed.

Nay, and to make my very wrongs her Triumph,

pleased with my Torments!

Lor. Now; be your own Judge;

Let your reflecting reason think what Specters,

What Starts and Horrors the just Gods raise up

To punish Guilt and Shame?

Duke. What Guilt, what Shame!

Lor. Your spotted life in Bellamira's Arms.

Duke. Her Arms? 'Tis false, the Gods have no such Justice:

Nor I such guilt to punish.

Lor. Sir!

Duke. Those Gods,

Those great all-seeing Powers, you call to just,

Know my fair heart, and all the spotless innocence

Of that chaste Virgin Soul.

Lor. I am lost in wonders.

True, had I burnt with Lawless Fires, then lust

To punish lust had been my righteous Doom.

But my polluted Bed, a Wives Dishonour,

My branded Forehead, all that mass of Vengeance,

For the meer shadow of a sin : Her blazing shame
For my poor Lambent fires ! Is this, this Justice !

Lor. I am confounded. Dearest Brother
Expound these Riddling sounds of Virgin Innocence.

Duke. Then to unrip my breast ; this *Bellamira*
That the world calls my Mistress, is so far
From that black thing a wanton, that her Lips
I yet were toucht ev'n with one unchaste kiss.

Lor. Ha ! *Duke.* To confirm the wonders that I tell thee,
I never had access to those fair Eyes,
But for one private minute : All my Visits
Were made with spies and watching Guardians round her,
To bar the very Umbrage of a sin !

Lor. How Brother ? *Duke.* I confess my first desires
Drove headlong all wild mad aspiring fires,
'Till that bright Virtue from her awefull Throne,
That lovely Thunderer dasht the tumbling Phaeton.

Lor. Can it be possible ! *Duke.* And now my Brother,
That convert she has made me, that she bars me
The very homage of a worshipping *Indian* :
I may look up to those far distant Glories.
But, oh, so far from basking in her Beams,
I am ev'n deny'd to kneel ! And am I thus, thus punisht !

Lor. Let not that wonderous Virtue talk of punishment.
For to return this blest Discovery
Of your own Innocence, your Virtuous Dutches
Is the same spotless truth. She has only play'd
This Masquerader with you, this feign'd passion
The Stratagem of her own jealous pangs,
No more then a Disguise, a frightful Vizor
To haunt and punish your revolted falsehood ;
And if 'twere possible, call you back to Virtue.

Duke. Good Gods, more Riddles still !

Lor. And not to wrong the Innocent *Perollo* ; he's so far
From an Invader of your marriage Bed ;
That he's your Rival, in a nobler flame,
Not in your Dutches but your *Bellamira*.

Duke. How ! *Bellamira* !

Lor. Ye, he loves, he sighs,
And dyes for *Bellamira* ! and to see
That raviht Beauty forced from out his Bosom
By your Usurping power, he bears the pain
With all the pangs of Death ; not a lost Mistress
But a contracted Wife.

Duke. What says my Brother ?

Lor. She's his contracted Wife Sir.

Duke.

Duke. Gracious Heaven !

Lor. Nay, and had married her, had not those monsters
Those firebrands, curs'd *Garcio* and *Quelao*.

Duke. The panders to my shame.

Enter Fidelio and Rosana

Lor. With what vile train
Of lies and Treasons drawn him from her Arms.

Duke. And has this fleeting shadow of a Mistress
I have thus pursued in vain, been the just right
Of wrong'd *Perollo*, and my Guilty Ignorance
Been Stabbing Daggers thro' a Husbands heart,
Those barbarous wounds ! but, Gods,
I thank you, I have call'd home my wandering Reason,
And am resolv'd to do that glorious Justice—

Fidelio, haste, and bring *Perollo* hither :

Rosana, call my Dutchess ; you *Lorenzo*

Shall go the Embassador to that sweet Virtue.

Ros. My Lord, there does not need those several Embassies.
They are all now together.

Duke. Ha ! what say'st thou !

Ros. Here in the Dutchess Chamber. *Duke.* Have they met then !

Ros. Yes Sir and such a meeting ; a whole Scene
Of Universal Extasy. *Fid.* Yes, my Lord

Perollo here at *Bellamira's* Feet

Grasping her knees, and bathing them with tears,
A flood of melting Joys : There your kind Dutchess
With all the Arms of an embracing friendship,
With her fond kisses drinks the trickling Pearl
That drop from *Bellamira's* lovely Eyes.

Then her sweet Confident, pretty *Isidora*,
She's all in Raptures ; Nay the kind *Antonio*
Her Brother too makes one in the blest chorus,
Stands with erected Eyes and up lift Hands
To hear their tale of wonders.

Duke. Then kind Truth
Has play'd the generous Oracle before me ;
And saved my Tongue the shame ;
Enter Perollo, Dutchess, Bellamira, Isidora, Antonio, Montano, Ladies, &c.
Well, happy Conquerer thou hast thy prize of Glory.

Per. Yes great Sir I've all that Love can ask, or Truth can give.

Bell. But my *Perollo*, I have one fault, for which
The censuring would w ill chide me.

Per. Thou a fault ? *Thy all amazing Virtue ?*

Bell. Yes, the Acceptance
Of all this gawdy pageantry : True Virgin Honour
Should guard against the scandal, as the sin.

But

But when that world shall know, I've only won
The mask of shame for two such noble Conquests,
The calling back a wandering Brothers Virtue,
And a more wandering Lovers heart —

Per. Thy Fault. Thy Glory *Bellamira*, two such Conquests
Shall Crown thee for a Heroine, and Fame
Record thy Name Immortal.

Duke. Nay to add
On Trophy more to her Illustrious Triumphs
She has vanish'd me, has led my heart a Captive
To Conquering Virtues Charms.

Bell. But now my Lord
The Princely Roof, the mass'd Wealth, and all
The glitt'ring Jems with which your smiles have graced me
(I have been a faithful Steward of your Favours)
Are all untouch'd, and shall be all restored you.

Duke. By Heavens not one of them! *Bell.* What says, my Lord!

Duke. Not one: They're thine, all thine, that humble Pallace
Too low a Roof for such exalted Charms.

Per. How Gracious Sir —

Duke. I'll hear no more; 'tis all
But a poor offering to that Shrine of Virtue.
And generous *Perollo* pray accept them,
As a small Dour thy *Bellamira* brings
To thy chaste Bed of Love.

Per. Ye Gods! more prodigies?

Bell. This most stupendious goodness must I meet
Thus with a bended knee.

Duke. Not for the world!
Thy bended knee! I durst not stand that blush
For twice the Crown of Spain.

Bell. My humblest Duty —

Duke. No, nor thy thanks. Return me not a word.
I give thee nothing; for owe thee all.

Mont. Most princely Sir, so glorious an example
Has led that way to Goodness. Here, *Antonio*
Accept this Present.

Ant. The fair *Isidora*!

Mont. And with her all thy own Estate in Dour.

Ant. Can these blest sounds be true!

Isid. A Father speaks.

And can you doubt the Oracle!
Thy generous goodness speak!
And know no other Language.

Ant. But, fair Excellence,
What have I done to merit this rich blessing!

I've neither sigh'd nor pray'd, nor knelt before thee;
 Pay'd none of the long Services of Love:
 Nor laid a bleeding heart beneath my Feet.

Isid. You are the Brother to my lovely Mistress,
 And in that single name, you have wou'd me more
 Than seven long kneeling years.

Ans. Divinest sweetness.

Duke. And now my Innocent Coroner, thou'rt all goodness,
 And I'll be Truth and Love.

Duch. Thus low I thank you *(Kneels)*
 'Tis all I ask of Heaven.

Duke. One peice of Justice
 I've yet unfinished. Let those two black Monsters
Guzello and *Rinaldo* from this hour
 Be banisht from the Court; and in three days
 Expell'd the Kingdom, on their forfeit Lives.
 Now base degenerate world, how would'st thou shine,
 Were every Lawless flame but quencht like mine.
 What lo-peas to the Skies would sound,
 Triumphant Virtue every day thus Crown'd

FINIS.

(22)

*Books lately Printed for R. Wellington, at the Lute in
St. Paul's-Church-Yard.*

1. **A** Discourse upon the Nature and Faculties of Man, in several Essays: With some Considerations upon the Occurrences of Humane Life. By *Tim. Nourse*, Gent.

2. A General Treatise of the Diseases of Infants and Children, Collected from the most Eminent Practical Authors. By *John Pechey* of the College of Physicians.

3. The Family Physician; being a choice Collection of Approved and Experienced Remedies, to cure all Diseases incident to humane Bodies, useful in Families, and serviceable to Country People. By *George Hartman* Chymist, Servant to Sir *Kilmain Digby*, till he Died.

4. The Works of that Excellent Practical Phylitian Doctor *Thomas Sydenham*. Wherein not only the History and Cures of Acute Diseases are treated of, after a new and Accurate Method; but also the safest and shortest way of Curing most Chronical Diseases. Translated from the Original Latin, by *John Pechey* M. D. of the College of Physicians.

5. Ovid Travestie; or a Burlesque upon Ovids Epistles. By Captain *Alexander Radcliffe*, of *Grays-Inn*.

6. The Novels of *Mrs. Behn*, Collected into one Volume, viz. Oroonoko or the Royal slave. Fair Jilt or Prince *Tarquili*. *Agnes de Castro* or the force of Generous Love. The Lovers-Watch, or the Art of Love, the Ladies Looking-Glass. The Lucky Mistake, and Love-Letters, never before Printed. Familiar Letters, in two Volumes, written by *John* late Earl of *Rochester*, to *Sir Henry Savile* and other Persons of Honour, to which is added Love-Letters: Written by *Mr. Orway*; each Volume may be had single. Plays sold by *R. Wellington*: Plain-dealer, Orphan: Virtuoso: Anatomist, or Ham Doctor: Love's a Jest: Country Wife: Rehearsal: Old Batchelor: Mourning Bride: Love for Money: The Boarding School: Earl of *Essex*: Oroonoko: The Rover: Younger Brother, or Amorous Jilt, by *Mrs. Behn*: Unnatural Brother: a Tragedy, by *Mr. Filmer*: Spanish Wives: a Farce, by *Mrs. Pix*: Lost Lover, or the Jealous Bridegroom: By *Mr. Minley*. Where you may be furnished with most Plays.

There is in the Press, and will be speedily Published,

Reflections on Antient and Modern Learning. The second Edition enlarged, by *Wm. Wotton* Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Nottingham*. all Sold by *R. Wellington*.

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